

In this Number—**LATEST PICTURES FROM CHINA**

COLLIER'S

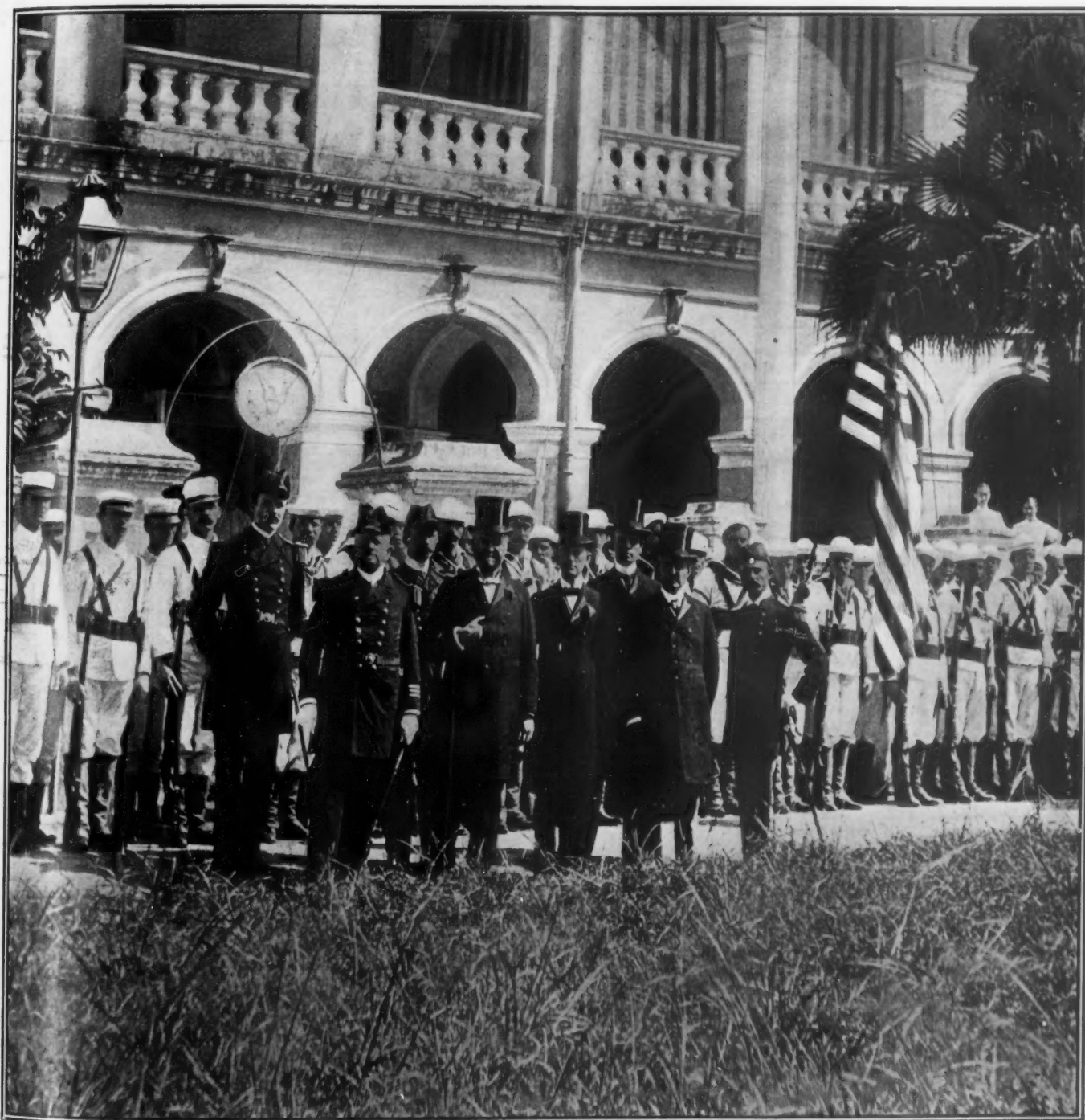
WEEKLY JOURNAL of CURRENT EVENTS

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MINISTER CONGER

MINISTER CONGER'S LAST PICTURE

TAKEN, WITH HIS NAVAL AND MARINE GUARD, BEFORE THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AT CANTON, CHINA, OCTOBER, 1899. READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THE FIGURES IN THE PICTURE ARE PAYMASTER GEORGE P. DYER, U.S.N.; COMMANDER HARRY KNOX, U.S.N.; LIEUTENANT LYMAN O. STICKNEY, U.S.N.; MINISTER EDWARD CONGER; HUBBARD TAYLOR SMITH, ACTING U.S. CONSUL; U.S. MARSHAL

FRANK R. MOWREY; INTERPRETER FLEMING D. CHESHIRE, AND LIEUTENANT ARMISTEAD RUST

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NEW YORK, JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH, 1900

NO MORE HOPELESS project has ever been mooted than the so-called Spanish and Portuguese League, to which, it is alleged, all the Latin-American republics are to become parties. The impossibility of such a combination will be evident when we consider that the petty Central American commonwealths cannot live at peace with one another, that Chile has long been on the verge of war with Peru, Bolivia and Argentina, and that Brazil would view with suspicion any attempt to renege the ties which formerly bound her to Portugal.

THE FRENCH PARLIAMENT having adjourned, the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet is safe until the close of the Exposition, provided, of course, there is no military coup d'état. We do not look for any such revolutionary movement, for the Parisian shopkeeper and innkeeper is now engaged in despoiling the foreigner, and General André, the new Minister of War, seems to have the army well in hand. Perhaps the best thing that could happen to France would be an ill timed and abortive military revolt, followed by the shooting of half a dozen traitorous Generals. When Parliament re-assembles in the autumn, we presume that the present Ministry will fall, and be succeeded by a Cabinet, headed either by M. Meunier or by M. Dupuy. In any event, it will represent the triumph of the Anti-Semite faction, which, it will be remembered, was victorious at the recent municipal election in Paris, and now controls the Hotel de Ville.

IT IS, AS YET, doubtful whether the Exposition will satisfy the hopes of the Parisians from a pecuniary point of view. The number of English and American visitors is very much smaller than was expected, a fact which surprises nobody who remembers the abuse cast upon Americans by the Paris newspapers during our war with Spain, and, last year, upon the English sovereign and her people. If Frenchmen will not hold their tongues, they must not expect us to fill their pockets. The truth is that envy of American prosperity pervades the European Continent, and, here and there, is carried to the pitch of positive hatred. We may have to fight France or Germany some day, if only to teach the people of those countries to keep a civil tongue in their heads. No American naval officer doubts that we could now beat Germany upon the sea, or would fear to confront France upon the ocean ten years hence.

WHEN GENERAL OTIS announced, on his return from Manila to San Francisco, that the war was over, we had nearly sixty-five thousand soldiers in the Philippines. If the war was over, it is hard to understand why we could not spare some ten or fifteen thousand men for service in China, where hundreds, if not thousands,

of American citizens were known to be in peril. As a matter of fact, the contingent thus far sent by us to Taku is numerically insignificant, and, being unprovided with artillery, practically useless. We shall need the best guns and the best gunners we have to cope with the Chinese artillery. It is one of the remarkable and sinister features of the present situation that the Chinese soldiers, whether rebels or regulars, are not only equipped with cannon of the most improved type and of large calibre, but serve them with admirable skill. All the assumptions based on the conduct of most of the Chinese commanders and levies during the war against Japan have proved misleading. It was taken for granted that the force of ten thousand men collected by the allies at Tien-tsin would prove more than a match for any body of troops which the Manchus and Chinese could array against them. As a matter of fact, the garrison of the foreign reservation at Tien-tsin is in imminent danger of annihilation. But for the gross miscalculation of Chinese bravery and efficiency, and the silly assumption that the two thousand men under Admiral Seymour would, without difficulty, enter Peking, it is improbable that the allied naval commanders would have committed the blunder of taking the Taku forts, while the foreign legations were at the mercy of an uprising in the Chinese capital. There is no doubt that the massacre of Europeans in Peking, if it has occurred, as now seems almost certain, is due, in no small measure, to deplorable mismanagement on the part of certain European Governments and their naval representatives at the mouth of the Peiho River.

THOSE WHO TRY to forecast the outcome of the present contest for the Presidency are, for the moment, puzzled by two questions: what will the Gold Democrats do and what is the voting strength of those Republicans whose opposition to Imperialism will impel them to support the Democratic candidate? The former inquiry is the more important one. A comparison of the returns in 1896 with those of 1892 affords conclusive proof that the Gold Democrats turned the scale in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and, probably, Illinois. It is certain that some of the Democrats who voted for Palmer and Buckner four years ago will now vote for Mr. Bryan. Mr. Perry Belmont is a conspicuous instance in the State of New York. Other well-known advocates of the Palmer-Buckner ticket have announced their determination to vote this year for McKinley. At the hour when we write, it seems probable that the Gold-Democratic vote will be pretty evenly divided between the two principal parties. We come now to the question whether any appreciable fraction of those who voted for McKinley in 1896 are now likely to vote for Bryan by reason of their opposition to Imperialism and Militarism. By Imperialism we mean the assumption that the Constitution does not follow the flag, and that, in all territories acquired by conquest or purchase, the President's power is unlimited, except by act of Congress. That is to say, our Chief Magistrate is a Constitutional President within the United States and an Emperor outside of them. It is, of course, on this theory that the Porto Rican tariff bill was framed, and it is upon the same theory that the Philippines are governed. Now the most distinguished and able opponents of Imperialism within the Republican ranks are Senator Hoar of Massachusetts and Representative Littlefield of Maine. A secession from the Republican party, if organized and led by such men as these, might have been formidable. As a matter of fact, however, both Senator Hoar and Mr. Littlefield are firm supporters of McKinley in this campaign. Not that they hate Imperialism less, but that they hate Bryanism more. Under the circumstances, the number of Republicans who will desert their party on account of the position it has taken with regard to Porto Rico and the Philippines is likely to be too small to turn the scale in any doubtful State. If, then, it were certain that this year's contest will pivot upon no other issues except Imperialism and the unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, the Republicans might look forward with confidence to victory. But who can say that some violent disturbance of the relations of capital and labor, such as occurred in 1892, may not upset all present calculations? The Republicans are counting upon the labor vote, because they take for granted that intelligent workmen must desire a continuance of the prosperity which now prevails throughout the country. Suppose, however, that prosperity should be interrupted by an outbreak of strikes and riots on a great scale; might not the workingman do again, what he did in 1892, when the Republicans lost State after State which they had been wont to look upon as strongholds? It will be, of course, the policy of the Republican managers to endeavor to avert any widespread quarrel between capital and labor, but, as was shown in the Homestead affair, it is not always possible to make capitalists see the expediency of well-timed concessions. In a word, no man can tell who is going to be President until after the election. Bright as the prospects of the Republican party now seem, they are no brighter than were those of the Democrats in September, 1889, when they carried even the State of Maine. Nevertheless, the Democratic candidate for President was beaten two months later. In the spring of 1892, the most sagacious observers thought that President Harrison would find it easy to beat Mr. Cleveland, who had many enemies among the leading politicians of

his party, and who had been repudiated in the National Convention by his own State, New York. Nevertheless, President Harrison suffered an ignominious defeat.

AT THE PRESENT writing, there seems to be no doubt that all the men, women and children belonging to the foreign powers at Peking have been murdered. We need not say that the inviolability of ambassadors and envoys is a fundamental principle of civilization. The principle has been defied before, but never on so great a scale. Near the close of the last century, some envoys of the French Republic were assassinated, and, about forty years ago, three attaches of the British Legation in China, including Sir Harry Parkes and Lord Loch, were made prisoners and tortured. By the present act of savagery, however, the Chinese have challenged not only all the European powers, but also Japan and the United States. It is not merely an appalling crime that has been perpetrated in Peking, but an enormous blunder, and for that reason it is questionable how far the Chinese Government and the Chinese people can be held responsible for the deed of blood. If, while Paris was in the hands of the Communists, the Minister of the United States and the diplomatic representatives of other powers had been murdered, we certainly should not have held the Versailles Government responsible for the iniquity. Neither the United States nor any foreign power would have dreamed of punishing the French Republic for outrages due to the Paris Commune by the dismemberment of the French territory, or even by the exaction of a huge pecuniary indemnity. Suppose it shall turn out that the Europeans in Peking have been massacred, not by imperial troops acting under the orders of the Emperor Kwang-Su or of the Empress Dowager, but by rioters and anarchists, led, perhaps, by Prince Tuan, the father of the heir apparent, who is said to have usurped control of the capital and to have established a *de facto* government; must, then, retributive justice be limited to the overthrow and emendation of the usurper and of his principal accomplices and agents? Clearly, this question must be answered in the negative. Adequate precautions must be taken to prevent the repetition of an unparalleled crime against civilization. But what form shall the precautions take? Shall China suffer the fate of Poland, and be parcelled out among the aggrieved powers? Our Government has already set its face against reprisals of that kind, and it is probable that Great Britain and Japan will take a similar position. Without their cooperation, a further dismemberment of China would be impossible. Shall, then, the present Manchu rulers, who have shown themselves incompetent to shield even the official representatives of foreign powers from slaughter, be permitted to continue to reign at Peking? That question must, also, be answered in the negative. It seems evident that the Chinese problem must be solved by a change of capital, if not by a change of dynasty. Hereafter, the seat of imperial power in the Middle Kingdom must be at Nankin, or some other city near the sea-coast, or one of the great rivers, where foreign legations may be easily reached and effectively defended. It may prove unnecessary to go outside of the Manchu reigning house to find a trustworthy sovereign, willing to surround himself by progressive counselors; or it may be needful to substitute a descendant of the Ming dynasty, who would, no doubt, be viewed with favor by the Chinese proper, as distinguished from the Manchu conquerors. Suppose, however, that a new and progressive government were established in a new capital under a native Chinese or Manchu sovereign, what reparation could foreign powers reasonably demand for the outrages committed in Peking, beyond the punishment of every person implicated in the crime? Would it be just or expedient for foreign powers to injure the new government irreparably in the eyes of its subjects, by exacting from it an enormous pecuniary indemnity, which would have to be wrung by taxation from the earnings of the people? Such a proposal lacks common sense, and can only emanate from the furious indignation provoked by the hideous atrocities committed at Peking. It would be folly to exasperate the whole population of China by compelling it to pay the penalty for the acts of a body of rebels in Peking. It must be borne in mind, moreover, that the foreign powers themselves cannot be entirely absolved from responsibility for the pitiable fate of the legations. Had the warnings which reached us in May been duly heeded, we should have sent to Peking not a few hundred marines and sailors, but a great army, which Japan was ready to supply, and which could have reached the Chinese capital before the middle of June. It was miserable jealousy that prevented the treaty powers from making Japan their mandatory. It is not Japan, but the powers which thwarted her, that must be held chargeable with the fatal delay. The blood of the men, women and children butchered in the Peking legations cries against them from the ground. It would now be infamous for any European nation which has held back Japan from the work of rescue to demand a pecuniary compensation for the outcome of its own misdoings. So far as the United States and Great Britain are concerned, we have no doubt that they would have welcomed the dispatch of a large Japanese army to Peking a month ago. We shall know presently precisely which European Governments it was that prevented the timely rescue of the legations.



THE MILITARY SITUATION IN CHINA

BY
BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. C. CORBIN, U.S.A.



AS EVENTS now occurring in China are engrossing the attention of the civilized world, some account of the Chinese army, of the forces the Powers can bring against them, and of the operations likely to take place will be of interest. Telegraphic reports from China have been so meagre and so confusing that, before proceeding further, it was not, perhaps, be out of place to give a brief synopsis of what has occurred up to date.

THE BEGINNING OF THE TROUBLE
On May 31 there were at Taku 7 Russian, 1 French, 2 British, and 1 Italian warships, all of which landed detachments of sailors and marines; other ships afterward arrived, and on June 9 the number of ships had been increased to 23, 2 of which were American. Meanwhile, detachments of various nationalities had been sent into Peking to guard the legations. The troops, when landed, proceeded to take possession of and repair the railroad. June 10 a force of about 2,000 men under Admiral Seymour left Tien-tsin for Peking. Arriving about forty miles from the capital, it was found that the railroad had been destroyed, and that further progress would have to be made by marching. For some time nothing was heard from this column. On June 17 the Taku forts, at the mouth of the Peiho River, were attacked and captured. On June 21 an attack on Tien-tsin began, and it was necessary to send a force to its relief. The first detachment, consisting of about 400 Russians and 130 American marines, under Major Waller, met with serious resistance and were in great danger until reinforced by about 1,000 British troops. The rest of the relieving force arrived on June 23, which had been held by about 3,000 men, principally Russians, was effected on June 23. It was then learned that Seymour's column not only had been unable to do anything for the relief of Peking, but, after hard fighting against greatly superior forces, had been compelled to withdraw and had intrenched near Tien-tsin. June 25, 2,000 men went from Tien-tsin to Seymour's relief. The arsenal was destroyed and the whole force returned to Tien-tsin. In the early part of the troubles the Boxers had been opposed by Chinese troops, but afterward the latter joined the Boxers, and in the recent fighting their forces have been combined. Prince Tuan, thoroughly opposed to all foreigners, is reported to have poisoned the Emperor, to have put himself at the head of the anti-foreign movement and to be actively directing the troops. While the news of the assassination of the German Minister and of the massacre of all foreigners in Peking is agitating the civilized world, the combined forces of the Powers are at present at Tien-tsin and Taku, and unable with their present strength to make a forward movement. The steps taken by the Powers to increase their strength in China will be referred to hereafter.

THE CHINESE ARMY
The total strength of the Chinese army cannot be accurately given, and if it could, the statement would have but little value, as many of the men who are carried on the rolls are neither armed nor equipped, and a large number are following civil vocations and performing no military duty whatever. These troops are organized into eight banners of from ten to twelve army corps each. The Banners K'i are distinguished by the colors designated here, and are further divided into two classes as follows:



HENRY C. CORBIN

- | | | |
|-----|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| No. | BANNER | |
| 1. | Yellow with red border | The Three Superior Banners. |
| 2. | Plain yellow | |
| 3. | Plain white | |
| 4. | White with red border | The Five Inferior Banners. |
| 5. | Plain red | |
| 6. | Red with blue border | |
| 7. | Plain blue | |
| 8. | Blue with red border | |

These eight Banners nominally contain about 300,000 men, but the number maintained on a war footing is very much less, men being taken from the Bannermen to form other corps. The nationalities comprising the Banner force are three in number; viz., Manchu, Mongolian, and Chinese, the latter being descendants of those natives of Northern China who joined the Manchu invaders during the period of their contest with the Ming Dynasty in the early part of the seventeenth century. The soldiers are distributed under each color according to their nationality. Thus, there being three nationalities, each Banner is subdivided into three parts (Ku-sai). There are, therefore, 24 Ku-sai—3 in each K'i. The Ku-sai are more administrative than tactical units.

Under one or other of these divisions all living Manchus, and all descendants of the Mongolian and Chinese soldiery of the conquest, are enrolled. The Banners constitute, in fact, the population of Peking, with offshoots in various provincial garrisons, and a certain number of the adult males of the force receive pay as members of one or the other military corps into which they have, from time to time, been organized, in addition to the pittance they receive as soldiers of the Banner.

The various corps are divided into companies (Lyauza),

numbering 250 men each in the infantry and 150 in the cavalry.

According to the latest reliable authorities about all the organized and drilled Chinese troops to be counted upon in the present operations are as follows:

	APPROXIMATE STRENGTH
General Sung's corps	10,000
Soon Ching's corps	7,000
Tung Fu Siang's corps (now operating near Peking)	10,000
General Nieh's corps (now operating near Tien-tsin)	13,000
Hu Sheng's corps	5,000
Peking Field force	10,000
Division of guards	10,000

The last three corps of these troops are drawn from the Manchu Bannermen. There are other troops more or less well organized and drilled in distant provinces, but they need not be considered as a factor in the present operations. The Governor of Shantung is said to have a corps of about 15,000 troops, drilled according to German methods. The value of the Boxers as a fighting force against organized European troops is an unknown quantity, but is not thought to be great.

FORCES OF THE POWERS

When the troubles in China began, the armed forces of the Powers available were composed of the sailors and marines who could be landed from the ships. Some of these ships were near at hand, while others were in different parts of the Orient, but within a few days' sail. The total number of warships of all classes in those waters is as follows:

Great Britain	32
Russia	21
United States	20
France	12
Germany	9
Japan	46

Italy had one ship at Taku and Austria had some marines ashore, so her navy must be represented; but these two nations are omitted in the foregoing list. Germany had, besides the men on shipboard, about 3,000 men at Kiao-Chow. Russia had perhaps 20,000 men at Port Arthur and a large number of troops in Eastern Siberia. She has also a large force on the northern frontier of China, but it is at a great distance overland from Peking and cannot be considered available. Any reinforcements would probably be sent from Odessa. Japan has a large number of troops available, and can furnish at short notice as many as may be needed. Late reports state that the Powers have all agreed to utilize Japan's military strength, and give her their mandate to bring order out of chaos. The Powers, however, not depending entirely upon that, are preparing to send troops from home. Great Britain has sent about 1,000 troops from Hong Kong. Between 4,000 and 5,000 men were to leave Calcutta June 24. Lord Roberts was asked if he could spare any from South Africa, but he answered in the negative. There left France for China, June 23, three warships and two transports carrying two battalions of infantry and two batteries of artillery. There are said to be, also, about 10,000 French troops at

* A late telegram from India gives the force to be sent to China from India as follows: 223 British officers, 308 British warrant and non-commissioned officers and men, 9,540 native officers and men; 7,170 followers; 1,280 horses and ponies; 2,060 mules; 6 guns and 11 Maxim's. Two coolie corps of 1,000 each will also proceed to China.



JAPANESE OFFICER



AMERICAN MARINE



CHINESE INFANTRYMAN



BRITISH REGULAR

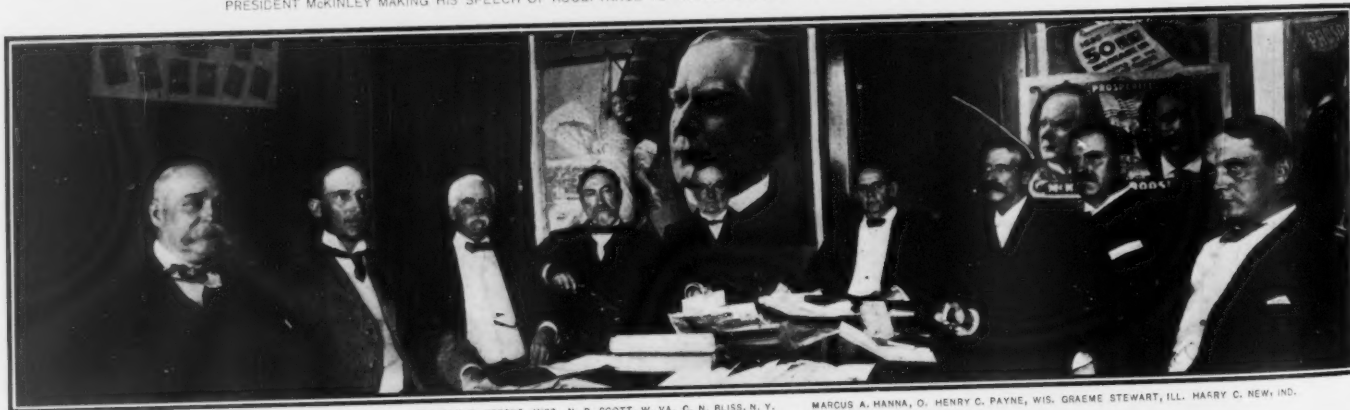


RUSSIAN DRAGOON

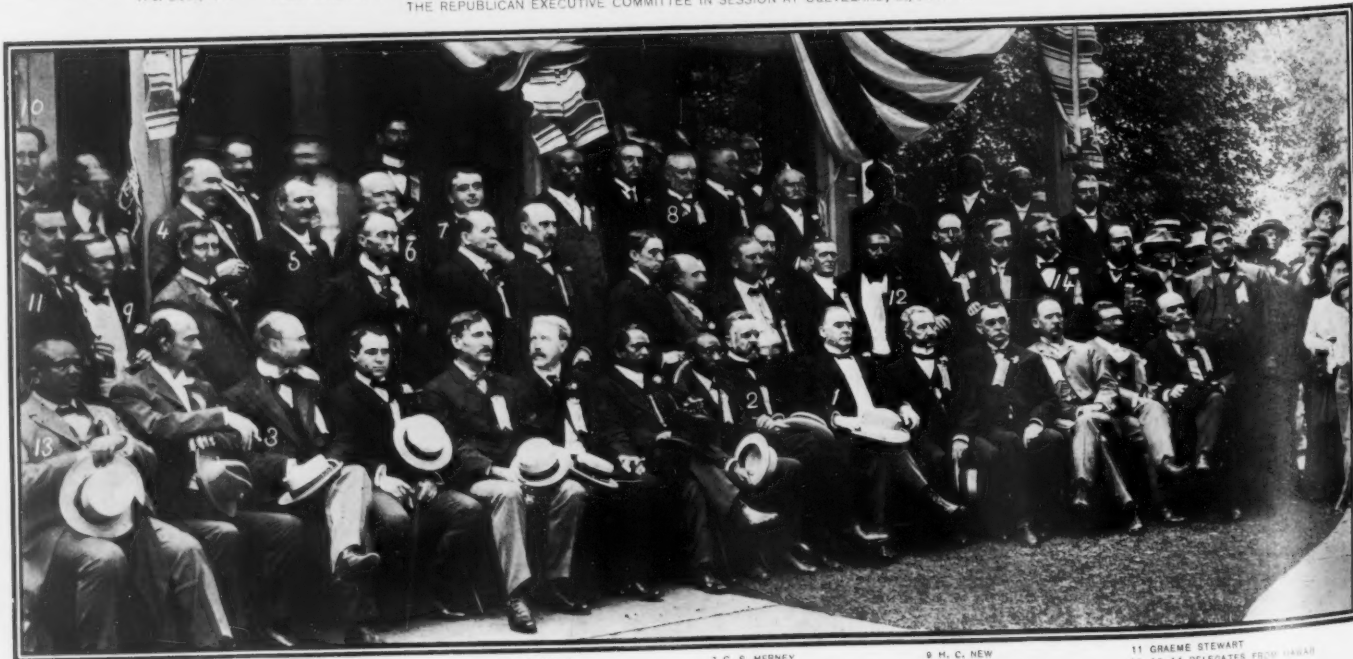
TYPES OF NATIVE AND INTERNATIONAL SOLDIERY IN CHINA



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY MAKING HIS SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE TO THE REPUBLICAN NOTIFICATION COMMITTEE AT CANTON, O., JULY 12

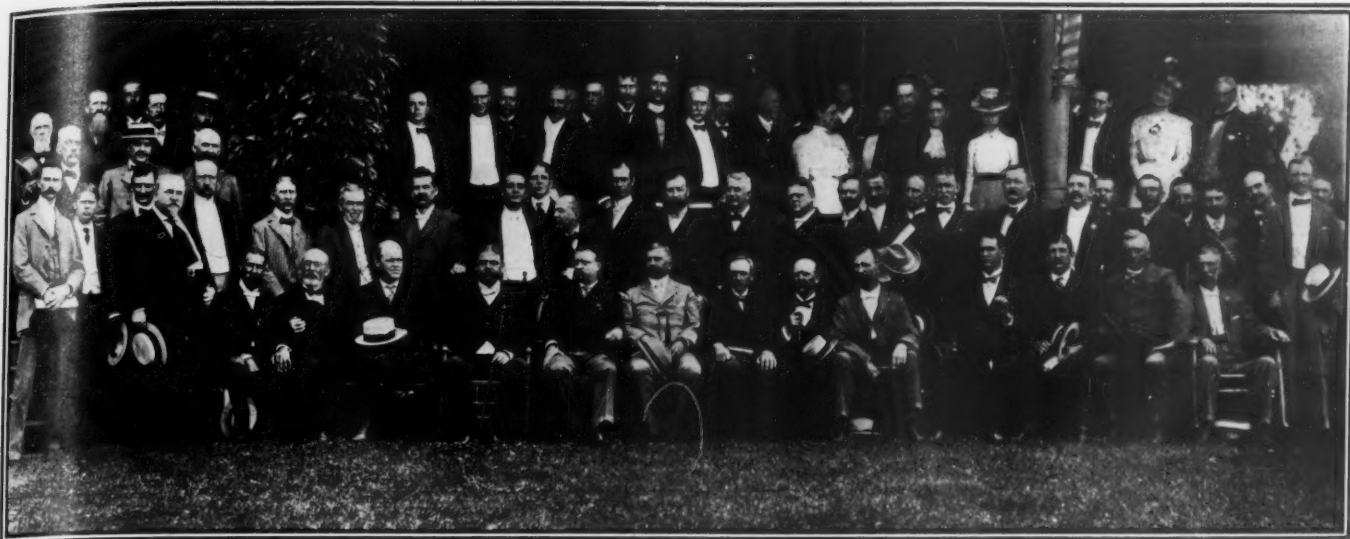


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THE REPUBLICAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE IN SESSION AT CLEVELAND, O., JULY 13



1 PRESIDENT MCKINLEY 3 SENATOR FAIRBANKS 5 H. C. PAYNE 7 C. S. HERNEY 9 H. C. NEW 11 GRAEME STEWART
2 SENATOR LODGE 4 SENATOR HANNA 6 R. C. KERENS 8 CORNELIUS N. BLISS 10 CHARLES DICK 12, 13, 14 DELEGATES FROM OHIO
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, MEMBERS OF THE NOTIFICATION COMMITTEE AND GUESTS OF THE PRESIDENT, AT CANTON, O., JULY 12

THE NOTIFICATION OF MR. MCKINLEY OF HIS NOMINATION TO THE PRESIDENCY
(SEE PAGE 17)



THE NOTIFICATION OF ROOSEVELT—The Governor, Notification Committee and guests on the veranda of the Governor's house at Oyster Bay, July 12, after the committee had made formal announcement of his nomination as candidate for the Vice-Presidency by the Republican party

Saigon ready to embark. Germany had already made preparations to strengthen her force in China, but the news of the assassination of her Minister makes it certain that she will eventually have in China as many of her troops as she deems necessary. The United States have sent a battalion of marines and a regiment of infantry from the Philippines. There are at present about 6,000 troops en route for or under orders to the Philippines. As they go via Nagasaki, they can be sent from there to Taku instead of to Manila direct. It is reported that Italy and Austria will also send contingents.

Because of unavoidable delays, and the approximate number of days required to reach Taku from the various starting-points, it is apparent that all the troops under orders for China cannot arrive there until early in August. There will be constant accessions, however, from now on, and there will perhaps be enough troops on the ground to take the offensive much earlier. There certainly will be if Japan's offer is accepted. The question of the manner in which Japan is to be paid may prove a stumbling-block. There would be no objection to a money payment, but there probably would be to a cession of territory. The great necessity for prompt action may, however, cause all objections to be overruled.

In regard to the use of the navies of the Powers, their effectiveness depends upon two things—the use of their ships and their capacity to furnish men for duty ashore. Active operations will be entirely on land. Gunboats of light draught will be useful in river work, not only on the Peiho, but near treaty ports in other parts of China where protection may be needed. The larger ships, particularly the battleships, will be useless except to furnish landing parties. The United States navy has near the scene of action five gunboats whose draught will enable them to be of service in navigable inland waters.

THE THEATRE OF OPERATIONS

It is not certain within what limits active operations on shore will be confined. China is not a homogeneous nation. As a rule, the people of one province know little of and care little for what is occurring in a distant province. Each is governed by a viceroy or governor, who, though appointed by the central government, is almost entirely independent of it, and in practically a king within his own dominions. He raises and maintains an army of the kind and of the size he wishes and that he is able to pay for. This is illustrated by the despatches from China, which report the consuls at the treaty ports as negotiating directly with the viceroys in regard to the safety of foreigners. Li Hung Chang at Canton has disregarded orders he received to proceed to Peking and remains in his province to maintain order there. Up to the present time the troubles have been confined to the Province of Chihli, in which Peking and Tien-tsin are situated, and the Province of Shantung. The latter embraces the peninsula of the same name, on the coast of which are situated the British port

Wei-Hai-Wei, the German port Kiao-Chow, and the treaty port Chefoo. If the troubles continue to be confined to these provinces, the theatre of operations will be much restricted. Tien-tsin will probably be the base of operations and Peking the objective. Any opposing armed forces lying between the two cities must be disposed of and Peking taken. With Peking in the hands of the Powers, the rest of the work will be a matter for diplomatists.

It is considered by well-informed people that a force of 60,000 or 70,000 men will be ample. The number required will vary with the composition of the force. A compact, homogeneous body, of one nationality, would be much more efficient than a composite force of the same strength, made up of the contingents furnished by the Powers, no matter how good the quality of each contingent might be. History teaches that in the operations of allies, friction, jealousies and diversity of purpose obtain. If the relief force is to be a composite army, under a single head, the details of command and staff should be agreed upon at once by agreement of representatives of the Powers, otherwise there will inevitably be friction and delays when the time comes to begin active operations. From a purely military standpoint, leaving political considerations aside, it would be by all odds most advisable to intrust the work to a Japanese army, as Japan, by reason of her proximity, can put in the field, better than any other nation, the necessary number of troops, and a thorough previous understanding of the combined European Powers with Japan as to payment for her services should prevent any possibility of political complications.

A HARD CAMPAIGN AHEAD

The question of the organization and composition of the army being settled, the only remaining question is the character of the operations and the difficulties to be overcome. This is the worst time of the year for military operations in that region. The rainy season is about beginning. The country is low and flat and has no metalled roads. The Peiho River, with its branches, is shallow and tortuous. In the rainy season it overflows its banks, and, as there is nothing to indicate the channel, its value for transportation of troops and supplies is small. The principal difficulties to be overcome are, therefore, those connected with transportation and supply. As the column advances, detachments must be left to keep open communications and hold the places taken. On arriving before Peking a siege might be necessary. The city is surrounded by a wall forty feet thick, faced inside and out with brick and stone from one to two feet thick, and this in turn by a moat fifty feet wide. A flat space, about one hundred feet wide, lies between the wall and moat. Peking is dependent for its supplies from the outside. It has immense granaries, but these are outside the walls and could be captured. If the Chinese contemplate determined resist-

ance and their operations are conducted with ability, the capture of the city would be no easy matter, as the time before an investment could be made could be employed in provisioning the walled city.

FOREIGNERS IN PEKIN AND TIEN-TSIN

By THEODORA MARSHALL INGLIS

[Events of such a serious nature have taken place in China since the writing of the following article, that in all probability it is one of the latest, perhaps the very last mail communication that was permitted to pass out of the gates of Peking. It is to be hoped that the life of the writer of the article, who is the wife of Dr. John M. Inglis, an American missionary and physician in the An Ting hospital near Peking, has not been sacrificed with all the other Christians killed by the Bozers.—EDITOR.]

THE WINTER WEATHER in North China is delightful, the air crisp and invigorating, the sun bright, but its rays not of sufficient strength to lift the Indian summer haze that obscures the line of earth and sky.

There is little snow and no rain from September until June, the severe rainy season lasting through July and August, when it behooves the foreigners to flee from the malaria-infested cities to the western hills or the sea-shore.

But there is no winter climate more desirable. Indeed, I can think of none so much so in the United States; for here the cold season, with the exception of a few days, is like the glorious fall months in eastern Colorado; and who, having tasted the intoxication of this place and time, would wish for aught better?

ANTIQUE AND MODERN METHODS OF TRAVELLING

The older foreign residents in northern China regard the little strip of track connecting the capital city with Tien-tsin as the greatest luxury in the world. On it the train covers the seventy miles in three hours. Three years ago the house-boats pushed their leisurely journey in five days, a mule litter in three, a springless Chinese cart in the same length of time, and by no other means could Peking be reached from Tien-tsin, or Tien-tsin from Peking, unless the seasick passenger in the mule litter or the unhappy occupant of the jolting cart preferred to walk.

But we had been in China only two short months; the luxuries and conveniences of United States travel were still fresh in our minds, and the long lumbering train, the huge engine, the barren compartments with neither cushions nor fires, struck desolation to our hearts and discomfort to our bones.

The day was cold, the coldest of all the winter, and the train delayed in starting. The filthy crowd of beggars that



LI HUNG CHANG
VICEROY OF PECHILI



MR. WU TING-FANG
MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES



M. DE GIERS
RUSSIAN MINISTER TO CHINA



THE EMPRESS OF CHINA



THE EMPEROR OF CHINA



CAPT. MCCALLA
COMMANDER OF AMERICAN LANDING PARTY



ADMIRAL REMY
COMMANDER OF THE U. S. FLEET IN CHINA



BRIG-GENERAL CHAFFEE
COMMANDER OF AMERICAN TROOPS FOR CHINA



SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD
BRITISH MINISTER TO CHINA



ADMIRAL SEYMOUR, R. N.
COMMANDER OF INTERNATIONAL FORCES



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE "FORBIDDEN CITY"—Street scene in Peking during the mobilization of Chinese troops

ENLARGED FROM A STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT 1900 BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

had followed us until we entered our compartment flattened their noses against the window glass and continued their demands for cash. There were beggars of all ages, but alike in condition of dirt, rags and vermin. Small boys crowded in front of wrinkled old hags, who carried infants at their withered breasts, as an extra inducement to the charitable foreigner. This baby plea is often successful, and as there is always a surplus of infants in the Chinese market, the rental for them is within the means of the ordinary old beggar woman, who cannot hope for a child of her own to present to a compassionate public.

Finally, however, the station official came running out and scattered the crowd of mendicants with sharp blows from a bamboo stick. In a moment our cumbersome vehicle was on its way, not, however, without such ominous creaks and groans that I fairly shook in my warm felt shoes, such as all travelers wear when in the fireless compartments of North China trains.

But the threatened dismemberment did not occur, and the creaks and groans fell into a pleasant grinding sound as we left the station behind and at once sped into the open country. I wrapped my rugs more carefully about me and watched through the opposite window the ice-covered marshland, that runs side by side with the track almost the entire distance to Tien tsin. It was more than marshland in many places, for

here and there we saw a belated house-boat frozen to its mooring; fishing parties, too, dotted the ice; the nets were lowered through the holes, and the caught fish loaded on sleds—primitive affairs on high wooden runners, and pushed instead of pulled.

CHINA ONE VAST CEMETERY

This portion of northern China is sparsely populated, if we except the precious ancestors whose grave mounds swell every bit of visible land, not always on land, either, for we saw from the window many old wooden coffins sticking up on end half-way out of the ice, or frozen in the mud where the water was low.

My pleasant occupation of gazing out of the window at scenes so novel and interesting was suddenly disturbed by the odor of a villainous cigar. It belonged to a young Frenchman, an attaché of one of the Peking legations, but who puffed at his weed with the zest of a day laborer; the small compartment was soon blue with smoke, and I was forced to succumb or open a window. I ventured the latter. The windows were large, and soon an icy gale swept past me and full upon the French gentleman. He shivered, drew his furs closer about him, frowned in my direction, shivered again, then, arising, left the compartment. When the latter was well aired, the Chinese conductor happened by and closed the

window for me. For a few moments I thought hard, contemplating the position of women at home and abroad. During my brief sojourn in the East, I have collected excellent material for an article to be entitled "Woman, and how to be happy even though living in the United States without the right of suffrage."

CHINA'S "OPEN DOOR" PORT

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we reached Tien tsin, which has been the port city of North China since it was opened up by the English in 1860. It stands on the Peiho, a distance of twenty miles from Fort Taku, where the river empties into the Gulf of Pechili. There is an old interesting anecdote connected with this old fort, which has been revived in China since the agitation over the Anglo-Saxon Alliance.

During the storming of Fort Taku in 1859, a few English war vessels in the Gulf of Pechili were on the point of being repulsed by the Chinese, with whom lay all the advantage of position. Suddenly an English marine seized a trumpet and called out to a small American gunboat hovering in the distance: "Hello, cousins, lend us a hand!" And the "cousins" made haste to do so. The day was won, and this action, so contrary to rules of discipline and laws of international neutrality, went unreprieved. Verily, "blood is thicker than water."



WHERE THE ALLIES LANDED IN CHINA—The Port of Taku, showing mud forts in background, captured by the foreign warships

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But two short months had elapsed since we rolled into Tientsin for the first time; I recalled vividly that star-lighted night and the total darkness enshrouding the station. It all came back to me—the lanterns lighting up the faces of the jinrikshaw men, who urged the acceptance of their vehicles upon us; the tireless wait while our boxes were counted and safely stored; the slow passage in the ferryboat over the narrow strip of river; then the jinrikshaws again; finally, the hotel and rest.

Daylight but slightly altered the scene—such thousands of Chinamen all scrambling, pushing and shouting vociferously; a few Chinese women, both small and large footed—the latter are more properly called Manchus. These women, loud talkers, as the majority of Chinese women are, added to the general confusion of the hour.

Our train was swung by means of ropes on a pole and carried on the shoulders of two stalwart coolies. We crossed the ferry as before, gave our little contribution of a few cash, and when the boat reached the other side, stepped out upon land and into jinrikshaws; and soon our human horses were speeding with us through the foreign concession, which seemed to us a strangely new and delightful city, so great the contrast it presented to the native city of Peking.

Tientsin, with its thousand foreign inhabitants, is to North China what Shanghai, with her twelve thousand, is to the Middle Empire.

Tientsin unites the beauties and some of the conveniences of city life with the rougher element always found in port towns; the foreign concession being so small, this rough pilot element in Tientsin society is quite conspicuous upon the streets, and especially upon the Bund by the river.

WORK AND PLAY IN THE FOREIGN QUARTER

The British community buildings front upon a tiny park, which is guarded by her Majesty's subjects from India—gigantic, red-turbaned sikhs, who stalk about with majestic hauteur and unapproachable dignity. I could not imagine those patrician-like fingers "nabbing" an offender of the law, but we remained long enough to see these fingers clutching at a bare courtyard wall for support, because the owner had looked too long upon the wall when it was red and was suffering the penalty.

Civilization and Christianity have reached China, it is true, but the work of missionaries in anything but native cities and country villages is well-nigh hopeless, so great the tide of new vices let loose by the foreigners. It may be, and is probable, that China as a nation will not be enlightened until foreign guns blow down her walls and Western learning supersedes the edicts and doctrines of dead ages. Then, too, will come new evils; but instead of a few isolated missionaries to fight them, there will be on every hand Christian education and the Christian Church, and the struggle between the good and evil forces will go on as in our own land.

But to return to the park. There, nearly every day, we saw old Chinese nurses wheeling fair little foreign babies, miniature British matrons nursing Chinese dolls, and Young America brandishing toy sword and pistol.

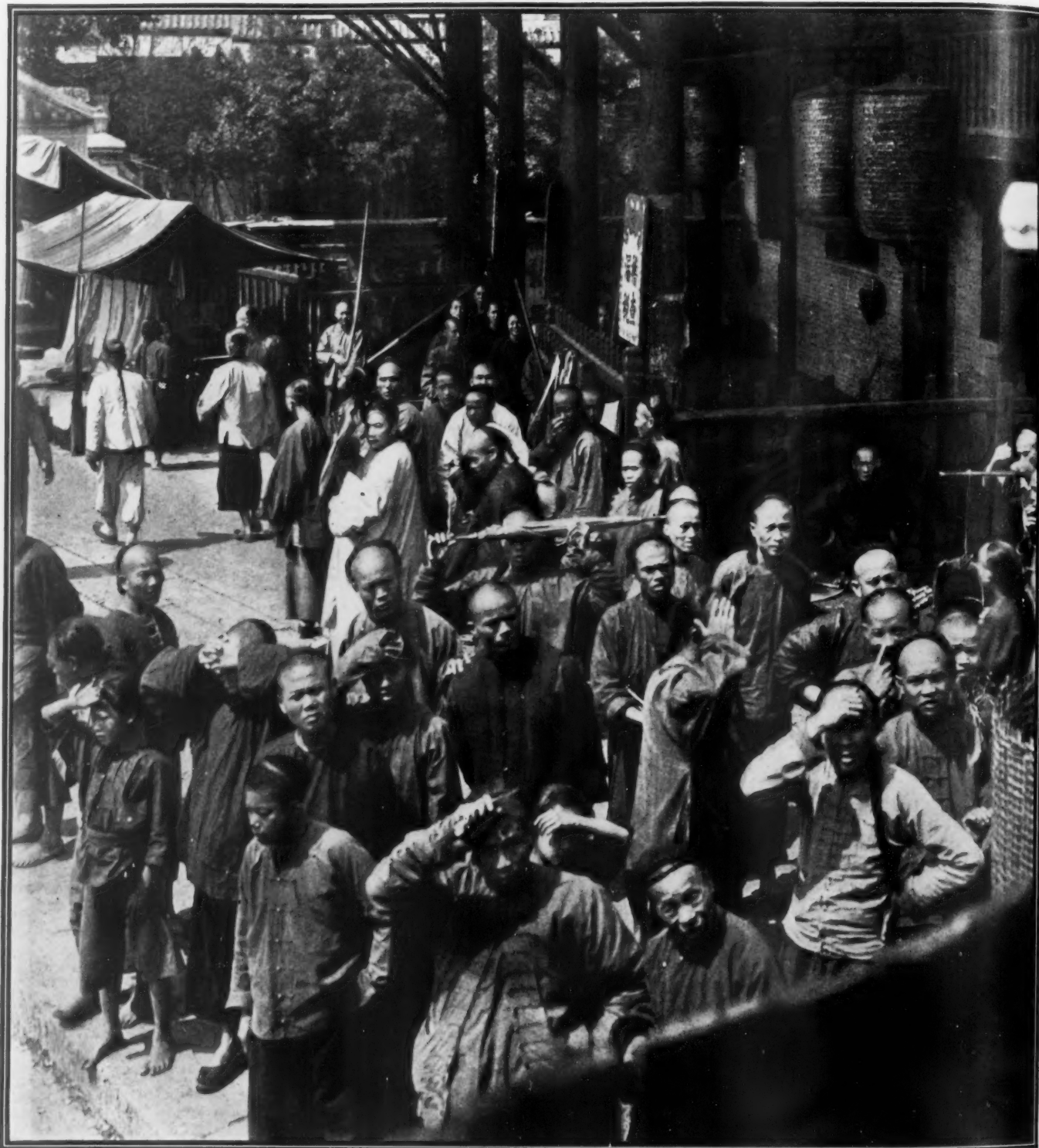
On the northeast edge of the city Union Church lifts its spire, and its roof shelters, every Sabbath, all denominations, including Unitarians, and all mingle together in apparent harmony and peace. Tientsin is perhaps as cosmopolitan a city, in proportion to its size, as exists in any portion of the globe. All nationalities can be found there, except the American

Indian, and he is well represented in the Mongol, rough, wild men, with the exact Indian type of features and many like traits of character. Owing to this diversity of tongues, it follows that there is a great variety in creeds and customs. The one custom in common with the dwellers on Victoria Road, Rue France, and the pilots on Taku Road is drinking. The restaurants are simply bars; wine is served freely at hotels, club-rooms and the dinner-tables of the ultra-fashionable.

The sports are polo, horse-racing, skating, tennis and amateur theatricals. The latter are always full-dress affairs, given in Gordon Hall, which is small and draughty, but unique in appearance, because of the gay embroidered panels covering the sides and the flags that wave overhead; conspicuous among these are the British Lion, Union Jack, our own dear Stars and Stripes, and the Yellow Dragon of China.

Although the native Chinese city is removed some distance up the Peiho, the Chinaman is a familiar figure on the streets in the foreign concession. He is coolie, policeman, house-servant and head shopman. In fact, he serves in all minor capacities; that is, the ordinary Chinaman does. But the rich shop-owner and the Mandarin have built themselves foreign houses, and are the aristocrats that excite the greatest admiration in the common breast. Even a Chinese merchant rolling along in a jinrikshaw can lean back in his luxuriant silks and sables and present a picture of opulent arrogance unequalled by his European cousins.

The principal business streets in the foreign city are occupied mostly by foreigners, but there are narrower business streets devoted to the Chinese trade. The shops here are less



WATCHING THE "FOREIGN DEVILS"—Natives of Peking staring at party of Europeans from the Embassies

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open and do not fill up the streets as in Peking, where the shops crowd out until there is barely room for two narrow-gauged Chinese carts to pass.

Walking through one of these native streets in the concession, a patriotic thrill ran over me when I heard the familiar gobble, gobble of a turkey. Turning a corner, my homesick and famished eyes fell upon a restless group of twenty turkeys, all gobbling in discontented fashion; the more adventurous and those "prone to wander" were kept in check by a small Chinese lad who threatened them with a cord whip.

We soon, however, left this cheering sight and wandered about the streets occupied by foreigners. There were many fine buildings to be seen, and, in the distance, immense warehouses, all of which make Tien-tsin not so radically different from cities in the United States.

A good reading room in the heart of the city furnishes employment and amusement to all who are not solely bent upon out-of-door sports. It is said that the department of Chinese history, classical lore and literature, pertaining to China and her people, is one of the best in the Empire. The English marines occupy barracks a few blocks to the north of the library. The great building was built as a temperance house for sailors, but the sailors rarely get further inland than Taku, and the temperance hall was given as quarters to the British navy.

Our American marines are located near the American consulate. The times are dull for them, and they amused themselves during the early winter by preparing an entertainment for the public. We witnessed the performance, which was given in Gordon Hall and largely attended. The farce that occupied the greater part of the evening was entitled "No More Whiskey—No More Fits." It was truly an aston-

ishing performance, closing with the popular air, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." The cosmopolitan audience was vociferous in its applause, but I heard my fair English neighbor asking, with a slow turn of her bare shoulders, "Are all American plays like this? Do tell me, is this not a typical American song?"

But to continue our tour about the city. Taking jinrikshaws, we were rolled out past the Imperial University—a very fine stone building; its president is an American, and the principal chairs are occupied by American and English degree men. The work under these men is conducted in English, as four years are spent on this language before the Chinese students take up the study of Western science.

To the west of the foreign concession, almost on the outskirts of the city, are the recreation grounds, where all contests in out-of-door sports are held.

We wended our way thither one bright morning, to watch the inspection and drill of the English and American marines. We had almost reached the gate when we caught the flash of red coats down another street. We hurried in the nearest gate, and were soon climbing the steps of the pavilion in the centre of the field. There are not many working-women in Tien-tsin, and the pavilion was gay with well-dressed matrons. Young ladies are luxuries in North China. But there were children of all sizes. An old inland missionary in Chinese costume stood near me, telling a story of "the colors that never run." The children frisked about. Chinese nurses toddled here and there with wee babies done up in white lambs' wool. The preacher and the racecourse man, consuls, army officers, coolies, loungers and wheelers—all were out to watch the drill.

"There they are!" shouted a boy. We looked far off to

the northern end of the great inclosure. The Chinese band with its French leader came first; following these the United States marines; next the English redcoats and English volunteers in fighting buff.

The Chinese were unique in appearance. They wore long dark-blue garments, high felt boots, red-tasseled Manchurian hats, and their queues hung down behind. As they marched to the centre of the field they played our old familiar, "My country, 'tis of thee," and every one cheered; but I could not for the lump in my throat.

During all the drills the band continued to play national airs. I overheard a young man in golf suit remarking, "By Jove, beastly music, this!" But I was glad to hear it—I, who had heard a band play last in the homeland. So what mattered an occasional breakdown to me, or to the inland missionary—the old man, with the long gray queue and grizzled mustache, who had journeyed down to civilization for the first time in eight years. It was all beautiful and charming to him.

The drill was over only too soon, the soldiers marched out, their uniforms and accoutrements gleaming brightly. Near us, the jinrikshaws were filling up and the wheelers mounting, so we followed them homeward. When across the grounds and at the gate, I turned for one backward glance, half hoping to see again the gallant figures in flashing red and sober blue.

The sun was just as bright, but it shone on a deserted field of withered yellow grass. From the distance came the echo of "My country, 'tis of thee," which the musicians had played upon their arrival. A Britisher in front of us exclaimed, "Hear them play 'God Save the Queen.'" But "God Save the Queen," or "My country, 'tis of thee," what matter, since we are united in spirit if not in formal compact?



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THE GOLD FIELDS OF CAPE NOME

THE EARLIEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SUMMER RUSH TO THE NEW GOLD FIELDS, SENT OUT BY TAPPAN ADNEY, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN ALASKA

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The Curious Courtship of KATE POINS

By Louis Evan SHIPMAN With Drawings by A. I. Keller

CHAPTER I

Some Account of the Nevills and a Duel



THE MASS of witty and scandalous memoirs of the early and middle part of the nineteenth century, one often finds mention of a certain Marquess of K—, who seems to have claimed more than usual attention from a society, that, under the stimulus of the gay and profligate Regency, was hardly ingenious and little inclined to turn the upward eye for anything less than a meteor—or a rocket. However brilliantly he may have shone on his contemporaries, their accounts of him are nevertheless as dull and slender as the dash with which they tried to conceal his name; and as for Miss P—, and the Sir Sydn—y—, and the young French nobleman, with whom his affairs seem inextricably bound up, conjecture might butt its head sevenfold against the walls of their heavy memoirs and still be none the wiser.

It remained for one simple and now wholly forgotten diarist to recount with candor and fulness the true story of the Marquess of Kenstone's enmity and rivalry with the secondarily Viscount de Broisie; and what part Sir Sydn—y Poins and his niece, Kate Poins—not unimportant, as will be presently shown—took in the little drama. He fills up the gaping and tantalizing spaces with honest names—or at least real ones; gives date and time and place their true significance; and welds the whole into an diverting history as any the rakish times of the Prince Regent, who was afterward George IV., can furnish.

His record, replete as it is, however, lacks two things: a beginning and an ending. He was evidently unaware of the earlier episode at "White's"; and, if his knowledge went so far, which one doubts, he certainly makes no mention of that mad chase after the post-chaise down the Bath road. Fortunately, those details have been supplied from unexpected quarters; and as for the incident at Waterloo, the nearest chance of a time stained letter slipping from its resting place of Honoré de Broisie, who, whatever else he was, was not a coward.

It may seem a far cry from the Viscount de Broisie to the Viceroy of the Court at Dublin in the year 1780; but so the chronicler tells us at that time, and within the charmed circle of Government House, Dick Nevill, future Marquess of Kenstone, and the only man who ever successfully encountered the calculating malevolence of the Frenchman, was born. His father, Major Sir Kenstone Nevill, on the staff of the Viceroy, Lord Campden, had married, two years before, the famously witty and beautiful Miss Lynddon, toast of every club in the Irish capital; and was counted a lucky soldier by even those who knew him best. The good fortune of the handsome English dragon in carrying off such a prize in the face of so many gallant suitors eventually cost him his life, but that was long after and to be told of later. It was a surprise to no one when, two years following, the beautiful Lady Nevill gave birth to twins; for as one sparkling courier—of her own race, needless to say—put it, "Would be a shabby blessing that dared present itself singly to her ladyship." If it was a double blessing, Sir Kenstone could discern nothing through its deep disguise; for his purse was slender, and the usual concomitants, his desires and extravagances, many; while his clever wife's only dower of beauty helped him not at all, though she did land it on to Dick and Martia, with something else besides; for they were the gayest, merriest brother and sister that ever loosed a nutcase or played at battledore.

They grew up for the most part in Dublin and London, though both children treasured the golden memory of long months spent in Somersetshire near Bath, at Kenstone Hall, the seat of their great kinsman, my lord Marquess of Kenstone. This was in '93, while Sir Kenstone Nevill, now a colonel on the staff of the Duke of York, was with the army in Flanders. When he returned as major-general he found Dick at Eton and Martia springing up to young womanhood, nearly ready to grasp the sceptre of wit and beauty that her mother was willing to resign. At seventeen the lad looked as if he was perched on his father's sturdy limbs, and his shoulders were broader. His face was as handsome, too; but the twinkle in his gray-blue eyes and his ready tongue came from his mother's island. The following year he became an ensign, and by his twenty-third birthday, much through the interest of his father's cousin, the Marquess of Kenstone, he had become successively lieutenant, subaltern, and now finally captain in the Nineteenth Light Dragoons.

Father and son were at this time much about the town together, and it was a toss-up as to which one was prouder of the other. Dick's exquisite taste in dress and his admirable manner were formed by the older man; he was the best whip in London, and at court tennis in the old Royal Club on the Haymarket he was unconquerable. He held a pistol as steadily and shot as unerringly as the General, but he

could hold his temper no better; straight brows of black, unbroken from temple to temple, would have told of that if report neglected. The Nevill blood was hot and imperious, and had played the devil many a time in the family, before the occurrence which cooled Dick's for once and all and left him fatherless. His passion for gaming came to him legitimately, too; for it was the fever that consumed all the men of his class and time; and once through the sacred portals of "White's"—Lord Alvanley and Sir Sydn—y Poins were the distinguished sponsors of his introduction there—his imperturbability and daring at the card-tables were the wonder of the club. He won three thousand guineas from Lord Keightley, the same night that the dice rolled up a debt of two thousand against his father; and the balance in their favor was not to be sneered at, for the expenses of the little establishment in Jermyn Street, where Lady Nevill and Martia held brilliant court, combined with the luxurious necessities of the military branch of the family, kept them all under the constant and dreadful surveillance of the gorgon debt.

It was just about this time, as the faithful diarist tells, that important news from far-off India changed the prospects of the Jermyn Street household considerably. Despatches from General Wellesley announced the death of Lord Nevill, only brother and heir of the Marquess of Kenstone, at the battle of Assaye; and the fatal work of a Mahratta bullet lifted the fortunes of Major-General Sir Kenstone Nevill and his family out of the slough into which the insignificance of his pay and the expensiveness of his tastes had plunged them. By the death of the one brother he became heir to the other, and the deep grumblings of creditor tradesmen were lulled by the brilliant future that seemed to spread out before their victim; though his chances of succession seemed rather indefinite in consideration of the heartiness of his cousin, who had but just turned sixty. It was the whimsey of Fate to cast all calculations aside, however, and to fling in sombre fashion the pattern of Sir Kenstone's life, that it had begun to weave with such seeming gayety years before when it bestowed upon him his handsome wife. Lord Nevill's untimely demise brought the General "neither wisdom nor marquisdom," as the witty Brummell remarked after the tragedy; which fell out in this wise, or as nearly so as the disjointed accounts of the affair can be brought to prove.

The Marquess of Kenstone had always shown himself most friendly to his cousin's family, and after his brother's death he was more frequently in town, and a constant visitor in Jermyn Street. He had a great admiration for Lady Nevill and Martia, and an especial fondness for Dick, whom he now looked upon, as in fact he was, by one remove, heir to the high name and powerful estate upon which his pride was built. His regard had many practical little expressions, that lessened the tension of life to no small degree, not only for Dick, but for his father. A considerable sum was placed with his bankers, at their disposal; and for the ladies there was a beautiful new chariot from Lyett's. He was their assiduous attendant in the Park, on fair mornings; and at the theatre and the assemblies at Argyll Rooms he renewed acquaintance, in their company, with the fashionable world, of which he himself had not been a part for twenty years. He wished to show that great world, in which by right of birth he held so powerful a position, that his kinsmen had his full sanction and protection. But it is a censorious world at best, and it twists and distorts the nicest considered actions into evil significance to comport with its own low ideals; and so, with the kindest and gentlest intent imaginable, the old Marquess brought disaster and grief upon those whom he had come to love well.

The town began to babble—jokingly at first, and then, as it realized that the gracious Lady Nevill had never taken advantage of the license which the mode had given her, more eagerly; until the attentions of my lord marquess to his fair kinswoman were on the tip of every gossip's tongue. No word of the dreadful calumny reached the ears of Sir Kenstone or young Nevill—till by accident at Almack's, the night of the Duchess of Dilworth's ball. It was while the rout was at its height, that Jack Poins and a group of roystering rakes held the supper-room in revel. Poins was a captain in the Horse Guards and a younger brother of Sir Kenstone's intimate, Sir Sydn—y Poins. In a time of loose living, his was of the slackest; and as for reputation, it was something he had long parted with. Some wit of the town had proclaimed that although he was a member of the famous "Blues," he was in reality a *blackguard*, and the epigrammatic pun was approved. His courage and skill as a duellist were as notorious as his honor was dubious, and for that reason he gave his tongue freer rein. The group in which he stood the centre was composed of men of his own ilk—hard and unscrupulous, but of undoubted fashion—men who formed themselves after the pattern of their profligate and dishonorable Prince, the First Gentleman of Europe! There was Lord Camber, Major Tenet, the young Viscount Sodon, and others of ill-savor; all heated with wine and talking the talk of the mews and the prize ring. Some one remarked on a large sum that General Nevill had lost the night before at one of the clubs. And at that precise moment Sir Kenstone Nevill and Dick appeared at the door.

"Was it paid?" was questioned.

"This morning."

"By the Marquess of Kenstone—of course," laughed old Poins, and he raised his bubbling champagne glass. "Here's a toast," he cried; "it can never be given too often."

"What?" was shouted.

"Complaisant husbands in general," he replied, "and Sir Kenstone Nevill in particular."

The wine never touched his lips; it splattered on those about him, as he staggered under Sir Kenstone's blow.

"You're a scoundrel, sir!" cried the General through clenched teeth. "Your lie is as black as your heart."

"Curse you, Nevill," said Poins, recovering himself, and springing toward him, "I'll—" This time Dick struck him fairly between his blazing eyes, and he fell like a bullock under the hammer. The crowd about were dazed, and stood inarticulate, though all flushed under the hot contempt of the General's gaze.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I shall hold every man of you accountable for this infamous—infamous slander." And he and Dick left them, like the curs that they were, with heads hanging.

The affair was arranged very quietly the following afternoon, Lord Camber acting for Captain Poins, and, curiously enough, as if to add a certain grimness, Sir Sydn—y Poins acting in behalf of Sir Kenstone Nevill. Though brothers, Sir Sydn—y and the Captain had long been at swords' point—the natural antagonism between a man of sensibility and breeding and one who had neither, augmented by the lure of the spendthrift for the man whose purse had been at his disposal, until generosity had been bruised and rendered lifeless by the other's brutal profligacies. What passed between the two at their last interview was never divulged until years after, and then it seemed to those who were privy to it that Fate's malignity had been thwarted by the very instruments which it had chosen to further its ends.

No word of the intended encounter was allowed to get out, though the little group that had witnessed the scene at Almack's knew that it was inevitable. On the afternoon before the meeting, as many afterward remembered, Sir Kenstone Nevill and the Marquess drove in the Park together, and in the evening were seen in company at "White's," where the General was unusually lucky at whist. Later that night father and son sat alone in Sir Kenstone's dressing-room, upstairs in the little house in Jermyn Street.

"Dick," said the older man, turning to him from the open despatch-box before him, "this is all a bad business, but it must be gone through. I shall kill Poins to-morrow morning, and I fear he'll flinch me."

"Father," interrupted the lad.

"It doesn't hurt to realize the worst, my boy," went on the General; "Poins is as good a shot as I, and we must be prepared for the event. There is just a little I want to say." He rose and slowly paced the room, while the young captain watched the erect, soldierly figure before him with affection and admiration.

"If I should fall," he said, "I wish this matter to go no further. It must drop where I took it up. Camber and Tenet may try to force the quarrel further; thrash them, or any man who dares to question the honor of—of any member of our family; but I ask you frankly not to challenge any one not to go out with any one over this affair. You are heir to a great and honorable name and your duty is to guard it well. Watch over your mother and Martia, and be gentle and honest with all women. I can't ask you to resign from the army, however much I should like it; for the tradition of the Nevills has always followed the flag. Be an Englishman—that's all, Dick, and God bless you, boy." They wrung hands hard and silently, and Dick left him soon after.

The General had given out his intention of starting for a short trip into the country on the morrow, and for that reason, if not the earliness of the hour, which day was just breaking over the London housetops, no one heard him and Dick and Sir Sydn—y enter the curriole waiting at the door and drive away. It was the General's long journey. He and Poins both fell mortally wounded at the first fire, and a very gallant officer and gentleman was no more.

CHAPTER II

Consequences

THE REAL tragedy of life is not in the external legacy of individual brings upon himself; it is in the internal legacy of consequences that is left behind, and that—consequences—terminally like the rippling circles of a pebble touching the lives of the innocent and unwary, and bringing the lightning bitterness of heart pain even to those who seemingly stand far aside from the dreadful entail. It was a faint pre-sence of this, no doubt, that had prompted Sir Kenstone Nevill to so vehemently enjoin upon his son that the matter of his quarrel go no further. As well might one have striven to push back a cataract with a sieve. His grief and pain were but momentary; what passed on to his son, and to Sir Sydn—y Poins, and to a gentle girl, of whom he never even knew the existence, lasted poignantly, until it was beaten off

by Sir Kenstone's splendid courage and perseverance. Happiness was not denied him in the end, despite the unscrupulous and planned machinations of De Broisie, but only by the indomitable spirit of the young soldier. As for poor Lady Nevill, she survived her husband but five months, and was laid beside him in the little chapel at Kenstone. Martia's grief was lightened by the joy of her betrothal and approaching marriage to young Lord Strathleigh. The wedding was very private, and the Captain, Sir Richard Nevill, gave his sister away.

Sir Sydney was one of the few who stood by him in the disastrous episode which came to pass about six weeks after his father's death—the first of a series of concatenated events which, spreading over the next two or three years, came near to turning the Captain's life away for always. As the General had foreseen, some one of the little group of scandal-mongers that he had surprised that night at Almack's were sure to call Nevill to account for their discomfiture, and it was from a representative of Major Tenet that he received a demand for an apology, or the alternative. The impetuosity of it would have aroused a calmer-tempered man than the Captain, but the memory of that last night with his father, and his promise, were strong upon him. He laid the matter before the Marquess.

"Your duty, Dick," said the old man, "is with your mother and Martia. Tenet is a scoundrel, and I shall uphold you in your determination to meet him."

And the result was that Pall Mall buzzed with Sir Richard Nevill's refusal to fight. It was a serious breach of a strong convention; men's honors were delicate affairs—delicate to the utterance, at the point of the pistol was the common mode of the time. No doubt it conduced to good manners to a great extent, but, curiously, those who had the worst, and whose reputations were held together but by the flimsiest thread, were by far the better shots and the most notorious duellists. The world knew that it was not Dick Nevill's want of skill that kept him from the meeting, but there were ugly whispers about the showing of the white feather.

Naturally, each side had its partisans, and the discussion was hot at "Brooks," "White's," and every other club in town where men of fashion were wont to gather. It was aggravated, too, by an incident in the Park, brought on, indeed, through a boastful remark made publicly by Tenet; and, when they met, Nevill dragged him from his horse and thrashed him, as only an athlete could thrash a man of his own height and weight, but handicapped by eight-and-thirty years of voluptuous living. The challenge was renewed and contemptuously disregarded; and this time an informal committee from "White's" called upon Nevill for an explanation, which was given frankly. And as about this time Major Tenet's regiment was ordered to India, excitement lapsed and the incident was forgotten till a year or so after, when the story of it came to Honore de Broisie, and a predicament was presented to the young dragon that was but another link in the chain of luckless mishaps that followed hard on Sir Kenstone Nevill's fatal duel with Captain Poins.

It was early in the year 1807, as more than one record testifies, that Lady Nevill died, and later in the year Sir Richard Nevill, having purchased his majority, was appointed, through the interest of the old Marquess, to the staff of Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, not long returned from India, was just starting on his first expedition to Portugal. This was the last personal favor that the Marquess of Kenstone was ever to confer upon his young kinsman, for he was dead before Nevill returned the following year. It was no inconsiderable one either, as afterward turned out; for the great commander took a fancy to his brilliant young aide, and a friendship was established that lasted till the end of the Iron Duke's life.

Many a sly and malicious comment may be found in the diaries and journals of the time concerning this intimacy, however. It was insinuated that Wellington's fondness for having young men of title about him was well proven in this instance; and one tattling memoirist gravely states that sixteen quarterings of nobility were at least necessary to be shown on the arms of any applicant for a position in the General's military household! If this touches the edge of truth—and even the exaggerations of malice and envy usually have some iota of the sacred quality to build on—the great Captain must have felt unusual pride in the high rank to which his aide-de-camp had risen by the time his second expedition was ready to set sail for Lisbon in April, 1809, for Sir Richard, on the death of his cousin, succeeded to the title and august position of the Marquess of Kenstone.

There were many attractions and even allures to detain a young nobleman of the position in which Nevill now found himself in England. Martia and her husband were importunate that he should give up the army, or at least exchange into the Life Guards; for, as is the custom of the whole vast army of the newly-wedded, Lord Strathleigh and his wife were bound that the new Marquess should throw dice with Chance and choose a mate. They urged a hundred pretexts for his detaining the strongest of which was the fact that the Marquess should become extinct if he should die without an heir, even that failed of effect, for the conjuncture of time, place and the woman had not yet taken place; it needed more than the frail, gilded beauties of Almack's and the Argyle assembly to set his heart a-pulsing. The bustle of camp and battle excited his ardor far more than dalliance about the Royal Court and in the fashionable London drawing-rooms. So the match-making came to naught, save to flutter the doves of many a managing mamma and doting dowager.

Of Sir Kenstone's military career in the Peninsular campaign there are many records for the curious to consult, but they have little relation to the story now telling. His reputation for intrepidity and dashing courage was established at

Vimiera and many smaller engagements during the first expedition. It was for that mad charge at the head of the Twenty-third Light Dragoons against Stroz's French Horse brigade at Talavera, however, that he gained a colonelcy, and was mentioned in despatches, paying a stiff price for the distinction, though, with a ball in the ankle and a broken sword-arm. His usefulness as a soldier was thus curtailed for a time, and as soon as convalescent he started for England, where shortly after began the rather extraordinary series of events that the forgotten but faithful diarist has recorded. It was not long till his heart was to be stirred as no battle bugle had stirred it; and he was to enter into conflict with an adversary more keen, more resolute, more implacable, and even more deadly, than any he had met in the open field of war. He was to meet Kate Poins, and he was to take up the gauntlet that the Vicomte Honore de Broisie threw down.

CHAPTER III

The Meeting

WHATEVER the degree of Colonel the Marquess of Kenstone's convalescence when he left Portugal, he had many a dreary month of monotonous recovery after his return, even though Martia, the beautiful Countess of Strathleigh, his sister, was the most assiduous and attentive of nurses. She withstood all the vagaries of an impatient temper, however, and, with the help of skilful chirurgery, had him walking about on a crutch in two months' time; but it was late in the winter before crutch and sling were entirely discarded and

Colonel's smaller interests. It was a proud day for him when he arrayed the Marquess for his introduction to that august assembly of his peers—the House of Lords. All the town, and Tom Rockett, as a special privilege, turned out on that interesting occasion, and all the town, and Tom Rockett, agreed that the Chancellor had never administered the oath to a more gallant or presentable figure.

Shortly after this notable occasion it was that the Marquess of Kenstone went through the formalities of an introduction that was of far more consequence to him—as after-events showed—than the one which had just taken place at Westminster. With Strathleigh and a gay company he was in attendance upon Martia one night at the opera, to hear the divine Catalini. During one of the entr'actes he espied in one of the tier-boxes, half around the semicircle, Sir Sydney Poins, whom he had not set eyes upon since the deplorable affair years before. He seemed to be alone, and the Colonel hastened around to pay his respects to his father's old friend.

As he passed in he was curiously conscious that Sir Sydney was not the only occupant of the box. Back, well screened from the view of the brilliant audience, sat a girl. The old gentleman greeted him warmly, holding both his hands and looking at him long and steadily, then, turning, said: "I wish to present you to my niece, Miss Poins. Kate," he added to the girl, "this is the son of my old friend, Sir Kenstone Nevill, Lord Kenstone."

"I am not only the son of an old friend," he said, easily bending to her, "but if Sir Sydney will allow the familiarity, I am an old friend of his, too."

"I am glad to know my uncle's friends," she answered in a low voice, full lips parting in a slight smile.

"I was at your christening, Dick," put in Sir Sydney.

"And so was the devil, my father used to say," laughed the Colonel. "Are you to be long in town? I take it unkindly, Miss Poins, that your uncle neglected to inform me of your presence here."

"We are here for but three days," said Sir Sydney, "and this is the end of them. Kate would not be satisfied till she heard the golden-throated Catalini."

"She is glorious," said the girl.

"Yes," replied Kenstone. But Catalini was far from his thoughts; his eyes were telling him that this girl, in simplest white, with no jewels but a string of pearls, was unusual. Her low voice, so different from the strident chatter of the women he knew, and like Martia's more than anything, added to the tale, and he liked it.

"My sister would have liked to have called upon you," he added irrelevantly.

"I have noticed her; she is very beautiful," answered Miss Poins.

"And how is Lady Strathleigh?" asked Sir Sydney.

The reply was interrupted by a knock at the box door, and a second later by the entrance of a stranger. Sir Sydney rose to meet him, and, as he stepped out of the shadow, took his hand in welcome, and Kenstone noticed that Miss Poins's greeting as he bent over the tips of her fingers was gayly cordial, with not a trace of the reserve that had held him distantly. "Lord Kenstone, my friend the Vicomte de Broisie," said the old man, standing between the two, as they saluted.

And there in the glare of the old Opera House were met the four whom Circumstance had chosen to play one of its little tragedies.

"You are lately from the Peninsula," said De Broisie civilly.

"Yes, worse luck," answered Nevill.

"We had heard of you in the 'Gazette.' Shall you rejoin this year?" asked Sir Sydney.

"As soon as my arm becomes complaisant," laughed Nevill. And he told them something of the campaign, the two men listening attentively, while Kate Poins watched the audience from behind the curtains.

As he rose to leave, Sir Sydney reminded him of the proximity of Kenstone Hall to Poins House.

"And are you still in the old house, Sir Sydney?" asked Kenstone eagerly.

"To be sure," answered the old man.

"Then I shall journey down to show you what a good neighbor I can be."

"It's high time," was the answer.

"And I can't persuade you and Miss Poins to tarry in London a few days longer?" said Kenstone, a half hope smuggled into his jesting tone.

"Our post-chaise is ordered for nine," said Sir Sydney.

"Expect me soon, then," replied the Colonel, and passed out.

Catalini sang for him no more that night, though he rejoined his party. He was perplexed as to the identity of Sir Sydney's companion, and wondered if he had heard amiss her introduction as his niece. And his musings over this brought him to the stranger, De Broisie, who seemed so welcome.

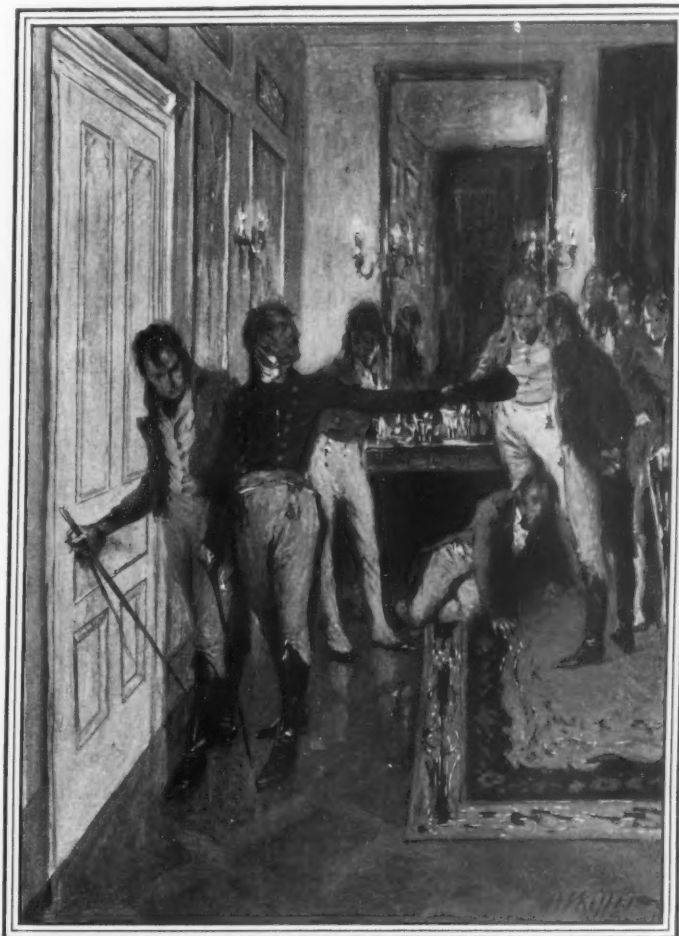
"Do you know a Vicomte de Broisie?" he asked Strathleigh later in the night, as their chariot turned into St. James's Street.

"Yes, he's just back from Vienna. He's been about town much since you've been away. Why?" answered his mother-in-law.

"Nothing," said Kenstone, as they alighted in front of "White's."

Even the blandishments of faro failed to stop conjecture about the early evening's rencontre, and he called the turn listlessly, while the crowd about him played fast and eagerly. His reverie was interrupted by Strathleigh, who came to him to make up a fourth at whist, and, nothing loth, he left the table and they walked into the cardroom.

"Who's to play?" he asked.



"GENTLEMAN," HE SAID, "I SHALL HOLD EVERY MAN OF YOU ACCOUNTABLE FOR THIS INFAMOUS—INFAMOUS SLANDER!"

they were able to journey up to town, where the distractions and gayeties were a joyful relief from the irksome restraints of the sickroom.

There were routs, assemblies, and the brilliant levees at Carlton House, to which he was dragged by the butterfly Martia, intent upon showing her gallant brother to all London. Much more to his humor were the jolly dinners of boon companions and old comrades at the White Horse Tavern, and at Fenton's Hotel; the mornings at Manton's shooting gallery, where his pistol practice astonished even that expert, Joe Manton; and above all the nightly sittings at "White's," where his luck at whist, hazard and faro still held by him, though Necessity no longer sat clamoring at his elbow. He was still shy of the sex, or at least indifferent to it—out of sheer perversity, perhaps, to the wishes of the Countess of Strathleigh to secure him a mate. He was a handsome figure on the Mall of an afternoon, or in the Park, seated high, managing skilfully the ribbons of a spirited four, and came to be known about as my Lord Disdain, at least among the Fair. With men it was different: he was a man's man, in the finer sense; touched lightly by the coarseness of his time, but bold, gay, witty, self-reliant. He reminded old men of his father, and most of the younger ones were proud of his nod and his company; and, curiously enough, he was something of a hero to his valet.

This worthy, Tom Rockett, who had served with Sir Kenstone Nevill before attaching himself to his son, was an important factor in the Colonel's household. His recipe for varnish—for which the Marquess's boots were the envy of all the dandies in town—was sought by every gentleman's gentleman in London, but never found; he was the bumblebee of his master's landrums and tradesmen (even of Toodle, the famous Bond Street tailor), and watchful guardian of all the





"AFTER THE DAY'S RUN"

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY

SEE "THE NEWPORT RACES," PAGE 21

The Curious Courtship of KATE POINS

"Jack Tierce and De Broisie," said Stratleigh. "We two against them."

Their opponents were already seated at a table in a far corner of the room, and rose as they approached. In the full light of many candles, Kenstone had better opportunity of judging his new acquaintance, the Vicomte de Broisie; and as the light diminished the faint shadow of distaste and antipathy dropped between the two men. There was something of the sinister in the Frenchman's cold eye, thin lips and immobile face that was not lessened by the strength and courage of which the bold nose and heavy brows told; while the large, delicately formed hands bespoke a certain craftiness. It was his hands that belied the rest of the man. Whereas his dress was simple and unostentatious, though rich, his fingers were covered with an assortment of blazing rings, tell-tale of the rigorous suppression of desire for display in the rest of his dress.

They played through two relays of guttering candelabra, until a third was unnecessary as the murky light of a London morning was streaming through the curtained windows, and Kenstone rose a loser of some seven hundred guineas. As he drew the order on his bankers to Honoré de Broisie, even he would have smiled if he could have known that he was replenishing an empty purse, and enabling its owner to journey down to Bath on a mission that was laden with very serious consequences to himself. They parted on the steps of the club in the early morning half light, and were to meet in a few short weeks under very different circumstances.

"Dangerous?" laughed De Broisie, turning around from the littered toilet-table. "You have evidently forgotten that the gallant Colonel has not the penchant for facing a duelling pistol."

"Oh, you've heard of that Tenet affair," said Tierce; "but I never believed he was afraid."

"Why, then?" asked De Broisie.

"He's proved his courage well enough in the campaign," was the reply.

"Pouf!" said De Broisie, delicately polishing his nails. "Any man is brave in a crowd. It is the charming tête-à-tête with a pistol or a rapier that tests a man's courage."

And so as the very beginning De Broisie made the disastrous error, common to so many clever people, of underestimating the qualities of one who was destined to become an antagonist. The thick headed and far from brilliant Jack Tierce knew that there was a flaw in his companion's reasoning, but he was poor at an argument; and besides, the relative positions of the two men, in which he took place as a subordinate, precluded much discussion concerning matters about which his chief held a decided opinion.

"It was a Godsend, however it was accomplished," remarked Tierce, after a moment.

"The end justified the means, as always," answered the Vicomte.

"But can't you let me have more than a couple of 'ponies?' asked Tierce, looking across at him rather furtively.

moved, street clothes donned, and further donations to the "important affair" were discussed as they took the air on the Mall.

Unlike most of the horde of foreigners that at the time thronged England, there seems to have been something definitely known about the antecedents of De Broisie. Indeed, he was the son of that Count de Broisie who took part in the "joyeuse emigration" of '90, and journeyed to England, where, having had the foresight to convert whatever was possible of his rather considerable French property into English funds, he settled in Surrey. There, as the stirring events of the bloody revolution in his own country seemed to turn his little world upside down, his establishment became permanent, and he turned his attention to the education of his son Honoré and the development of his estate. The lad was sixteen at the time of their journeying to England, and had been for ten years motherless, which may have accounted in some small way for his precocious waywardness. He was placed in the hands of English governors, and at twenty went up to Oxford, where the wildness of his excesses was not considered extravagant in comparison with those of his English companions. What he gained at the university was chiefly an intimacy with a group of fashionable young bucks, that was of much service to him in his future career in London, and a knowledge of gambling, fighting and other Savon proclivities that also stood him in good stead. He was known as a bad youngster to thwart, and as a scheming, persistent seeker of his own ends, at whatever cost. But

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THE PARIS EXPOSITION—In the Rue des Nations, showing part of the American and Austrian pavilions

"How do you like the Vicomte?" questioned Stratleigh, as he was stepping from the chariot at his own door.

"He has a very winning way," answered Kenstone. "Good night." And the carriage clattered off through the deserted streets.

CHAPTER IV Concerning the Vicomte de Broisie

"WELL, Jack, your Marquess is a very beautiful Marquess," said De Broisie late the next day, as Tierce, his partner of the night before, lounged in the chintzed dressing-room of the Vicomte's cosy establishment in Sackville Street.

"Yes, unlike many of our Marquesses, his nobility extends to his bank account," answered Tierce, taking a liqueur that Antoine, the valet, passed to him. "He's rattling sharp at cards, too, and I trembled every time you manipulated them."

"Ah, you thought I manipulated them, eh, Jack?" asked De Broisie nonchalantly, using the tweezers on his smooth face before the mirror.

"Thought!" laughed Tierce quizzically. "One doesn't win ten rubbers in succession without the interposition of Providence."

"C'est possible; mais je n'aime pas qu'on me le dise," replied the Frenchman imperturbably.

"He would have told you if he had seen it," said Tierce.

"And I should have been obliged to throw the cards in his face."

"Too dangerous, with a man like Nevill," answered Tierce laconically.

"My dear Jack, you are quite preposterous in your demands," answered De Broisie, without desisting from the delicate operation of tying his spotless cravat.

"I won half of it," said Tierce in a surly tone.

This time the Frenchman did turn, and there was an ominous look in his screwed, bristly brows.

"You won half!" said he sarcastically. "And how much do you think you would have lost—or at least owed—if you hadn't had a dexterous partner?"

The sting in his voice caused Tierce to raise himself and meander aimlessly about the room, now picking up a jewelled snuff box or examining a cane, but finally ending up at the window with his hands in his pockets. "I'm devilish hard up," was all he said.

"And so am I," replied the Vicomte; "what I would have done without your Marquess is difficult to guess. But you must realize the importance of the affair we have on hand now as well as any one; when we pull that off it will be a matter of Easy Street for all of us."

"When do you go to Bath?" asked Tierce.

"To-morrow; and it will require a large amount of coin of the realm to manage the thing properly."

"How long will it take?"

"A month or six weeks. The fair Miss Poins is not like the usual impressionable boarding-school miss," answered De Broisie.

"And you are sure that Sir Sydney is worth—"

The reappraisal of Sir Sydney's fortune was interrupted by the re-entrance of Antoine, with his master's coat and waistcoat. The flowered dressing gown of brocade was re-

with all his defects there was a personal fascination about the young man that captivated all whom he chose, and it was his policy to choose wherever the antagonism was not irreconcilable. "It is better to have the goodwill of a cur," was one of the apothegms with which he illustrated his method of simplifying the complexities of life. And he did simplify them with the maleficent wisdom that has always been the undoing of the people of his race. Conscience gave way to personal desire, and his principles were of an obliquity.

The old Count died when Honoré was six and twenty, leaving a snug little fortune of some twelve or fourteen thousand pounds, besides the demesnes in Surrey. The ensuing eighteen months, little clouded by the old nobleman's death, were gay ones for the young Vicomte—he never assumed his father's title for some reason—and his entree into the bewildering mazes of flamboyant town life was accomplished in a manner that would have credited one much beyond his years. But though astute and calculating, his extravagances owed his income, besides the incomes of several unfortunate aunts, and finally swallowed up his patrimony. It was the price he paid, like so many others, for his initiation into the precincts of Folly; but, unlike the many, he received an equivalent in added wisdom, which he was not slow in turning to account.

As he looked about him in that microcosm of London by which he swung the circle, he began to realize that but of its denizens survived only by keen use of their wits; the other half footed the bills. There were always geese to be plucked, and he had a mind, now that he was bareheaded, to turn about and do some of the plucking. It was a congenial task, and with the aid of a small group of

Honorable Jack Tierce's stripe, extend his debt limits almost the little ménage in Sackville variously conducted, and was the best dinners in London, a right considering the hands at most of the guests had to dress covers.

The first, young fledglings from Oxford, who chose the tutelage of the Duke of York, but gradually it became a gathering of all the young takes about one of the older ones; even the person of the Duke of York, was thrown the dice and played at cards. The Vicomte was a fascinating figure, and his guests with an air that was almost a halo about prospective matrimony and disarmed the most querulous.

But the same times when even the supply of games was not equal to the demands of the Duke's many and various expenditures, and then he was forced to expedients that were as dubious as many of them were dangerous. He began a correspondence with Fouché, Napoleon's chief of police, and became one of the most active of the great Emperor's accredited agents in England, where, as the son of a well known emigré, he hung high above suspicion.

Then he established several singular connections in the City with those merciless harpies, the money-lenders; and it was known long after that he trafficked successfully with stolen goods. So it may be seen that the Vicomte was a resourceful and energetic man, not to be deterred by anything so ridiculous as scruples, and with courage and wit enough to make him rather a dangerous personage. With all his enterprising activities, however, he was unable to keep pace with his desires, and felt the constant pinch of lack of funds. So much so at last that he began to look about and consider some grand coup, the consummation of which would mend his fortunes permanently and enable him to dispense with the vulgar and dangerous shifts which were telling even on his well-poised nerves.

The idea that best commended itself to his imagination was the result of one of those poorly fortuitous circumstances that place us all some time or other, at the whimsical mercy of chance. On one of his frequent squats at Bath, where play was high and the unwary numerous, he was able to be of service to Sir Sydney Pains and Miss Pains in some slight emergency. What it was never appears in the several records of the vicomte. It may have been the quelling of some turbulent chair-man or flunk-boy after one of the assemblies, or it may have been any one of a hundred little episodes in which an old gentleman and a young girl would have been placed to a disadvantage, and in which the interference of a bold, handsome

young gentleman would have shone out very brightly. Whatever happened, it was a satisfactory introduction for Sir Sydney, Kate Pains, and De Broisie; and the old baronet was particularly pleased when he found that his gratitude was bestowed upon the son of an old-time acquaintance, the Comte de Broisie.

As for Kate, her pleasure at the new acquaintance needed no adventitious relationship to add to its definiteness. She felt, as most did who fell under the Frenchman's favorable scrutiny, his curious attraction, and it was with a sense of delightful expectancy new to her that she welcomed him frequently to the old manor-house, two miles or so outside of Bath. On the other hand, it was the young girl's extraordinary beauty and charm, joined to the rumors of Sir Sydney's wealth, that turned De Broisie's thoughts toward a marriage as the solution of all his pressing difficulties. The rumors were verified by town gossips to such an extent that his mind was made up, and he decided upon the courtship of Kate Pains, in whose favor, he had reason to suspect, he held no mean place.

And so it was that on a gusty March morning the Vicomte de Broisie, with Kenstone's guinea jingling in his pocket, and with the trusty Antoine in attendance, entered the post-chaise drawn up at his door, and, with a wave of the hand to Tierce and a word to the postillions, was off toward the Bath road, deep bent on his matrimonial adventure.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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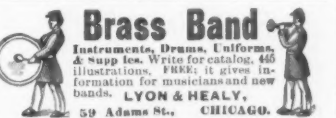


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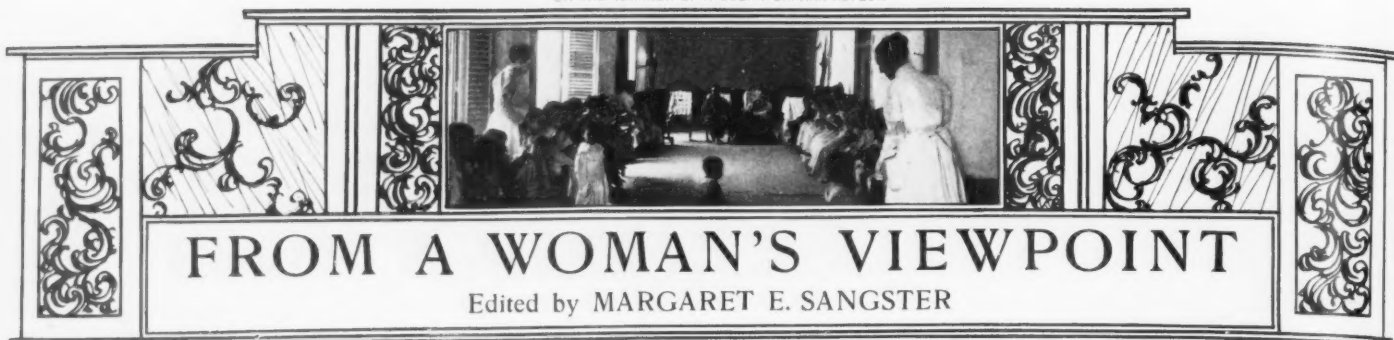
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ON THE VERANDA OF A CUBAN ORPHAN ASYLUM



FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

Edited by MARGARET E. SANGSTER

CUBAN WOMEN AND THEIR HOME LIFE



THE POPULAR BELIEF that all Cuban women are dark is a fallacy, as there are many blondes with blue eyes in the tropics, although red cheeks are never seen; for even in Northern maidens' faces the color fades after a brief sojourn in the island of Cuba.

Tropical beauties have clear white skins of satiny texture, somewhat like the opaque whiteness of the camelia, and their large black eyes are dreamy and languid, or sparkling with animation. Red lips, curved in Cupid's bow, and soft, caressing voices, which resemble the cooing of doves, render these fair women very charming, as well as their beauty of an Oriental type, such as poets describe in most impassioned strains and artists paint with their richest colors. If emotion

brings the color to their waxen cheeks, it resembles a pink flame shining through an alabaster lamp. Their figures are graceful, with a somewhat swaying gait, which poets compare to their native palms. Warm-hearted and passionate, they are usually true wives and fond mothers, and devoted to their families. In Cuba more than any other country, as a rule married women do not care much for society after marriage, and devote themselves to their husbands and children—even if the former are more fond of the club than their homes. Byron's lines—

"Love is of man's life a thing apart,
But woman's whole existence."

aptly describes these daughters of the tropics, who yield to its magic charm more in the land of perpetual sunshine than in a temperate zone.

Paris is the Mecca of Cubans, who adopt French customs in the higher circles, together with imported gowns, Spanish and French etiquette is more strictly observed than American customs, although greater independence prevails since Americans and Cubans were brought so closely together, especially as so many, on their return from the United States to Cuba, introduce American ways. However, society's cast-iron edicts have not yielded to revolution or evolution, and Cuban maidens never receive a caller of the other sex alone. So courtship is carried on under restraint, and they resort to letters. Spools of thread sometimes serve as silent messengers to convey missives from the balcony to the expectant swain below; and lovers often get stiff necks from craning them to look up.

The majority of Cubans are Catholics, but there are a few Protestants. Quite a number annulled their marriage vows, were divorced, and remarried, treating matrimony like an old glove, to be cast aside for a new one, according to man's fickle fancy or woman's inconstancy. Divorce and remarriage were decreed in the Cuban Constitution which was drawn up in 1895. The Catholic Church does not sanction divorce, or does it approve of the civil rite. Its institution created heated controversies between the civil and ecclesiastical courts. Marriage is a sacrament, and not simply a civil rite, and the Church upholds the sacredness of that bond. Sometimes two people are married by a justice of the peace in Cuba, and each returns to their homes, until they meet again in church to ratify their vows and receive the priest's blessing, which makes them man and wife. They kneel and the priest puts a golden chain around their necks, symbolical of the indissoluble bond that unites them. The bride is escorted to the altar by her father, who gives her away. No function is complete without a dance, so at weddings they "trip the light fantastic toe till daylight doth appear." The bride does not dance, but starts off with the bridegroom on their wedding journey.

The Cuban dance is a slow, languid step, and the couple revolve without lifting their feet from the floor. The music is plaintive, but these dances are dubbed with grotesque and comic titles.

Godparents carry newborn infants to church to be baptized, and the number of names they receive is an indication of their parents' social standing. Baptismal ribbons with gold and silver coins attached are distributed among the guests.

Social pastimes are balls, receptions, theatres, concerts and parties. Afternoons at home and five-o'clock teas are an

innovation in Havana society. Cubans dislike tea, which they only drink when they are sick. It would have been no deprivation for them to forego tea as our ancestors did during the War for Independence. They would have pitched it overboard with a good will.

Many of the Cuban aristocracy bear Irish and French names, derived from ancestors who settled in Spain and afterward crossed the ocean to America to mend their fortunes in the Eldorado, or to seek an existence of *dolce far niente* afar from the excitement of the court and its intrigues. The Marquis of O'Reilly, Count O'Farrill and the Marquis Duquesne, are some of the most prominent who retain their foreign names with their titles. The Marquis of Aguas Claras, the Count of Penalver, Count of Real Proclamacion, Count of Ferdinandina, Marquis de la Gratiud and Marquis of San Carlos are old Spanish titles which hold good and will be retained, although Cuba is under republican rule, in the same manner that the nobility of France still retain their titles irrespective of the fact that France is a republic. Cuban etiquette resembles the Spanish in punctiliousness and French in polish, in the higher circles, and even among the lower classes civility is customary, which might be emulated in America in public service.

Compliments are the coinage of gallantry, and a favorite expression is "A los pies de Vd" (At your feet, madam).

anxious you are to see the boat get off fairly; while, under the influence of the keen, invigorating breeze and the sunshine, your cheeks take on a richer color.

ME

THROUGH many, many summers
I look, as through a glass,
And see a world of showers and flowers
And laughing children pass;
And, in her big blue sun-bonnet,
One other little lass.

A lass who watched the swallows
Skim just beyond her hand,
And where the flickers fled and sped,
And nests of hang-birds fanned,
And felt those birds were fairy-folk
On wing to fairy-land.

In her warm fist she carried—
Trudging o'er hills and dales—
In tiny papers laid, and weighed
As if in fairy scales,
The salt that catches bobolinks
When sprinkled on their tails.

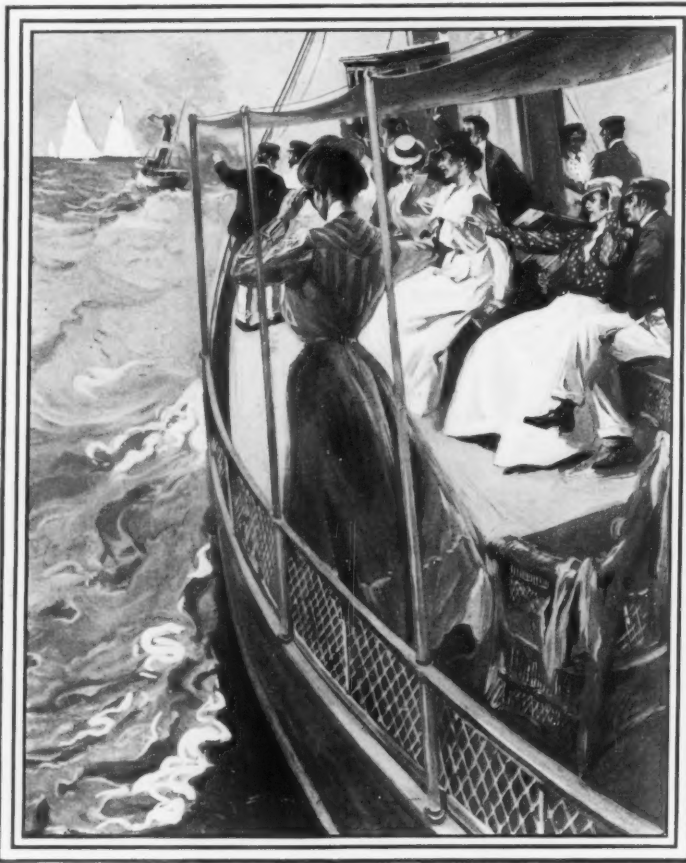
A little lass and wistful,
Who gazed up the far sky,
And reached for fairy things and wings
In vain, and wondered why—
Poor little lass, I wonder still,
Could she be really I?
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Among the physical characteristics of our women we note to-day that little ladies are somewhat out of fashion. The twentieth-century maiden will be tall and of statuesque proportions. Much outdoor exercise and intelligent attention to hygiene during childhood have developed women in grace and beauty to an extent far beyond any previous standard in America. Naturally the women of the richer classes, the daughters of the well-to-do, are those who pre-eminently show this marked improvement. Hard work, insufficient food and cramped quarters will still keep the children of the tenements from vigorous growth and striking size. Nothing so stunts bodily development as the early confinement in factories and shops which is the portion of the very poor. A girl of fourteen, whose long hours by daylight and nights of unhealthful sleep in the same room with several brothers and sisters have kept her pallid and devitalized, is in absolute contrast to a child of the same age to whom opportunity has been kind.

A walk on the East Side of town in a populous foreign quarter shows the little mothers—and the little fathers, too—in full force in our torrid midsummer weather. While the birth rate lessens among classes whose means enable them to give their children every advantage, there is no indication that babies are unwelcome or that motherhood is reluctantly accepted—on Avenue B or Forsyth Street, or anywhere along the narrow streets, high built and barricaded as if the houses were the dark walls of lofty canyons, in that downtown section of Manhattan which is unknown ground to many of us. Here, one steps carefully on the pavement lest she tread on some wee creeping infant, making its fearless way over the hot stones, little inconvenienced by superfluous clothing. Children of both sexes, and of all ages from five or six upward, patiently trot about carrying the younger fry, and that child is an envied aristocrat who owns a baby-carriage.

Speaking of go-carts, perambulators and baby carriages generally, what a blessed improvement is that which has substituted the sensible black English affair, with leather curtains, waterproof and sunproof, for the ornamental and garish wagons in which babies used to be basking in the white light.

One happy outcome of the numerous mothers' councils and associations, now held in most of our cities and villages at frequent intervals, is the recognition of the fact that the nurse should not be a mere ignorant young person with a thought of her responsibility. Trained assistants for the nursery now are secured from the different Babies' Hospitals where nursemaids are taught what to do and how to do it in the care of infancy. The wages paid these nurses are higher than those given to the haphazard peasant whom you secure at an intelligence office, and whose stupidity is apt to be abysmal, but no thoughtful mother will hesitate to pay liberally for excellent service.



DRAWN BY E. M. ASHE

FOLLOWING THE YACHTS

The lady replies: "Besó a Vd las manos" (I kiss your hand). Although figurative, and perhaps meaningless, yet these polite phrases and flattering compliments current in good society serve to oil the wheels and make them glide along smoothly.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

WOMEN AND YACHTS

GIRLS! and especially those of you who love the water, take my advice: never sneer at a yachting trip, for you never know what a day on a yacht may bring forth. What jollier place can you imagine to spend your summer, or a portion of it, than on board a handsome steam yacht—one of the modern kind, of course, fitted with all modern improvements like a flat? How lucky you may consider yourself if you are invited to join a yachting party! It's lots of fun to go for a day's outing—suitably chaperoned, of course—on a friend's yacht, to witness one of the big events, such as the New York, Larchmont or Atlantic regattas down the bay, or on Long Island Sound. What pleasure there is standing on deck watching the white-winged racing craft manoeuvring for the start, and if one of them is owned by a friend of yours, how

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NOTIFYING MCKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT

PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY and Governor Theodore Roosevelt were notified on the same day, Thursday, July 12, of their nomination for President and Vice-President by the Republican convention that met in Philadelphia. The notification committee that waited on the President met Mr. McKinley on the porch of his home in Canton, O., where he had received the notification in 1896, and the committee that informed Governor Roosevelt of his nomination met him at his home near Oyster Bay, Long Island.

THE COMMITTEE AND THE CEREMONIES

The committee that called on President McKinley, together with the political leaders invited to be present, numbered more than two hundred, while the partisan organizations, local and neighboring clubs, brass bands, and the crowd of the curious made up a procession numbering many thousands. It was probably a larger crowd than used to attend the inaugural ceremonies in Washington prior to the War of the Rebellion. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts led the committee of notification. Senator Hanna, chairman of the Republican National Committee, Senator Fairbanks, the Postmaster-General, and former Secretary of State William R. Day were among the guests of the President. There were present, in addition to the usual political clubs and organizations, a detachment of troops, veterans of the war with Spain, and a large body of the Grand Army of the Republic. The workingmen, also, formed a large temporary organization for taking part in the procession, and made the occasion especially gratifying to the nominee by their cheers for the reign of prosperity which they ascribed to the policy of his Administration. The ceremonies of the day lasted from nine o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, and consisted of addresses by Senators Lodge, Hanna and Fairbanks, Postmaster-General Smith, Colonel Parker of Hawaii, and others; the formal notification address by Senator Lodge, and the acknowledgment by Mr. McKinley; and the marching and shouting of the organizations and the playing by the bands. The President stood upon the porch of his home, and Mrs. McKinley, from a point of vantage, delightedly watched the procession and listened to the continuous eulogium of her husband.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH

Mr. McKinley has more than once revealed a certain power of summing up a situation in caustic or powerful phrase, and thus turning apparent defence into fierce onslaught. He discovered a particular happiness for doing that sort of thing in his speech to the notification committee. He set forth the issues of the campaign in such guise as to strip the Kansas City platform of much of its power of appeal to the people. Without regard to the platform upon which he himself stands, and without respect for the one upon which Mr. Bryan is supposed to stand, he arrayed the issues of the campaign as follows: The gold standard to be reaffirmed and strengthened. A tariff that will protect industries and labor. World markets for the United States. Prosperity at home and power and prestige abroad. The perpetual menace of the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. Maintenance of American power in the Philippines and expansion.

THE NOTIFICATION OF GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT

The ceremonies at Oyster Bay, where Governor Theodore Roosevelt received the notification of his nomination for Vice-President, were less elaborate and impressive than those at Canton. The Governor met the committee, which was headed by Senator Wolcott of Colorado, on the veranda of his home on Sagamore Hill.

Governor Roosevelt and his wife received the committee together, standing on the porch. The nominee for Vice-President stationed himself in front of an open window, to get the benefit of what breeze there was, for the weather was torrid. At his side was Mrs. Roosevelt, and in the window were the children whom the Colonel is rearing in the strenuous manner he believes in. The members of the committee on notification arranged themselves in a semicircle about the Governor, and, after an exchange of greetings, Chairman Wolcott stepped forward and made a short and informal address.

ROOSEVELT STILL PREFERS WAR

In his response, Governor Roosevelt devoted himself for the most part to the issues of war. He said that "we stand at the parting of the ways, and the people have now to decide whether they shall go forward along the path of prosperity at home and high honor abroad, or whether they will plunge the country into an abyss of misery and disaster."

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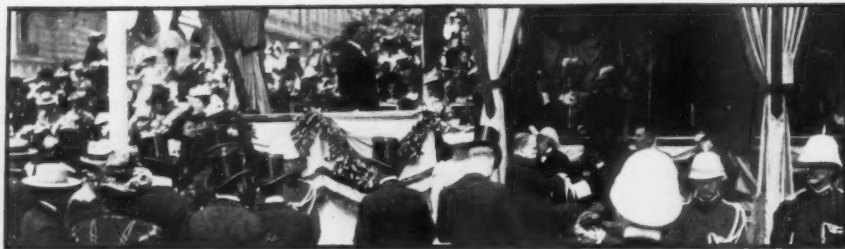
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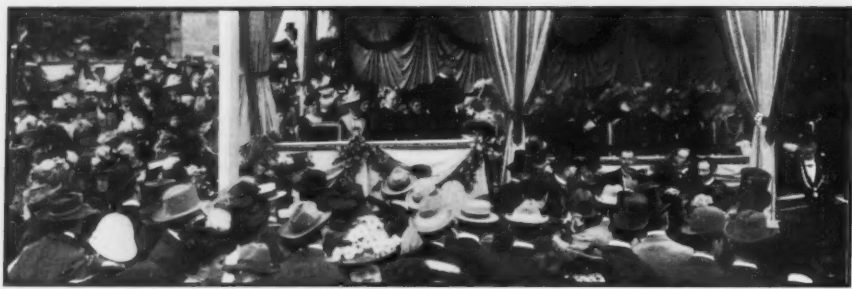
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THE NEW PARIS STATUES—The unveiling and presentation to France of the Washington and Lafayette Monuments, July 3 and July 4, by the Association of American Women and the school children of the United States

PARIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE UNVEILING of the statues of Lafayette and Washington furnishes an interesting event in the history of the two Republics. The ceremonies, accomplished amid much pomp and display, will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness them. The Stars and Stripes floated everywhere in the gay capital, even superceding the tri-color on the summit of the Eiffel Tower. President Loubet appeared in person at the unveiling of the statue of Lafayette and made the speech of acceptance. The statue stands in a small railed garden in the Place du Carrousel, flanked on three sides by the Louvre, and facing the Garden of the Tuileries. Sousa's band, escorted by the Republican Guards, entered the Square shortly before the President's arrival, and greeted him with the strains of the "Marseillaise." At the first notes of the "Star Spangled Banner," which opened the ceremonies, the vast crowd rose and stood with uncovered heads. Speeches by the Ambassador, General Porter, and Commissioner Peck followed. During this time two lads clad in white pulled the strings of the enormous American flag that enveloped the figure, and the heroic statue of Lafayette tendering his sword to the cause of American liberty came into view amid the applause of the spectators.

The unveiling of the equestrian statue of Washington, the gift of an association of American ladies, on the Place d'Iena, though attended with far less display, was equally impressive. On the morning of the unveiling the statue was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flags of both nations. A group of gaudily uniformed Republican Guards surrounded the statue and the grand stand, with its graceful festoons of colored bunting, intertwined with the flags of both countries. The Ambassador, General Porter, and M. Delcasse, the President's representative, were present, surrounded by numerous diplomats, attaches, etc., their suites, and their wives. The simple ceremonies opened with the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise." General Porter, in his presentation address, dwelt strongly upon the ties that bound the two Republics in amity and peace. M. Delcasse, accepting the statue in the name of France, responded with a graceful tribute to Washington.

LONDON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY
THE SOUTH AFRICA HOSPITAL SCANDALS

FREQUENT FIGHTS of a guerilla character continue in the region of Pretoria, not to mention other posts, though Lord Roberts gives no tidings of the main army, nor has he allowed it to transpire that Sir Redvers Buller either will or will not march southward in full force. The truth is, only two subjects now greatly engross the public mind. One is China, and the other is the extraordinary series of disclosures concerning what poor Tommy Atkins has of late been called upon to endure. Mr. Burdett-Coutts has undoubtedly been very fearless, and his inexorable delineation of the horrors that he has witnessed in South Africa has caused a terribly embarrassed Government some moments of the acutest awkwardness. Of the sick quite as much as the wounded Mr. Burdett-Coutts has told his gloomy tale. Who does not know the imperative nursing demands of typhoid? And yet, in the hospitals, often a handful of nurses for a prostrate throng of patients, all at various pathetic stages of this most awful disease! Four hundred soldiers jolted along in the burning sun or raining darkness for three whole days—seventy-two hours! And their vehicles were springless uncovered carts that bumped over the stone-strewn veldt, grinding their shattered bones together and causing them unspeakable agony!

MR. BURDETT-COUTTS' CHARGES

Items like these last, however, had already drifted here. They had roused strong suspicions in certain quarters that all was by no means well, and that brave young lives were paying with martyrdoms for the blunders of the War Office. Mr. Burdett-Coutts chiefly describes the crass incapacity, criminal dullness, of those who have been attempting to manage the hospitals. The interior of one outside Bloemfontein contained, he says, no beds or even mattresses, no nurses, no comforts. Victims of typhoid were lying side by side; he who was about to die neighbored, in piercing contrast, him who had become convalescent. Mr. Burdett-Coutts' words are so simple that they seem, for this very reason, all the more poignant. "There was," he says, "a great scarcity of blankets, and no patient could have more than one, with a

waterproof sheet, between his body and the ground. There was no linen; only the coarse rug grated against the sensitive skin burning with fever. Think of this," he puts in, with a directness tenfold more appealing than if his phrases had all taken the grandeur of rhetoric, "you who know the sort of nursing a typhoid patient requires." To many people such statements as these, coming from "a Tory of Tories, a Jingo of Jingos," as one radical journal calls him, who has uttered them after a long residence in South Africa, accompanied by the keenest of observation there, carry a peculiar, an overwhelming, weight. Of late it has been rather shrewdly affirmed that the best pitch and gist of Mr. Burdett-Coutts' declarations may be found in a particular estimate regarding hospital help. That is, ten per cent of the whole force under arms should have been taken as a minimum—which would mean, all in all, about twenty thousand beds. And if from the first it is added, this proviso had been infallibly exploited, what hideous calamity might have been rendered null!

A "BOXER" ON CHINESE CIVILIZATION

Everybody in the United States learns, of course, what has happened in China just as quickly as we know it here. Hence the important naval preparations of England need neither to be described nor specified. Concerning the actual internal condition of this vast and curious country at present little more is really known than in former years. Hundreds of "ex-residents" are ready with their "experiences," and these, however formerly valuable, are now of slight worth. But a certain Chinese gentleman, who has long been a member of the Boxers Society, yet who has also belonged to a London firm of Eastern merchants, now volunteers information both startling and quaint. In fluent English he has told an interviewer that we "Westerners" only regard Chinese matters from our own viewpoint. Our civilization is a mere mushroom—a thing of yesterday. The Celestials are at least two thousand years ahead of us. They, too, have had their "struggle for life," their race for wealth, ambition for power, hurry, and worry, and all that. They have also had their times both of religious doubt and fanaticism—their martyrs, Reformations, intolerances and finally tolerances. Unnumbered thousands of years have elapsed since these multiples developments held sway. Now they are all outgrown. A calm desire for happiness in this world has succeeded them. The mistakes of their ancestors have taught them wisdom.

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Their religion has become a philosophy of life. They have partially solved, too, the secret of real philanthropy, since a Chinaman's best happiness is procured in the companionship of his friends and relations. They believe in making the best of this life, since it is the only one of which they positively know anything. They believe, moreover, in the great efficacy of work. Because a factor of their duty, work is a factor of their pleasure.

CHINA A LAND OF LOTUS-EATERS

Chinamen are not soldiers, because they have long ago learned the folly and inutilty of war. They are a race of four hundred millions, and could easily crush the rest of the globe if they so willed. All through China exists the same spirit of content. If they wanted the railways and machines of the West they could buy them; but they do not want them. All that they want is to be let alone. There have, in past ages, been twenty so-called invasions of China. But the invaders have never dominated the Chinese. On the contrary, they have become assimilated with this huge nation. Even those Jews who have gone thither have lost all racial qualities. Western missionaries come to them with a new form of faith on the main principles of which they are fiercely divided among themselves. These frighten Chinese children and old folk with threats of eternal punishment, and create forlorn dissensions among families. This the Chinese will not endure. They wish to be free to enjoy their beautiful country and the fruits of centuries of experience. "Hence," proceeds this voluble Coelestial, "we of the so-called Boxers Society have decided that the only way to get rid of you is to kill you. . . . You want to build mills and factories so as to debase our beautiful arts and crafts and produce tawdry finery in the place of the beautiful textures and hues which we have evolved after centuries of experiment. . . . We are not naturally bloodthirsty, but when persuasions and arguments and appeals to your sense of justice are of no avail, we find ourselves face to face with the fact that the only resource is to put you out of existence."

CHINESE INCONSISTENCIES

"Let me repeat," this expositor continues, "that all the dissensions which divide men in the West have practically no vitality in China. Politics, religion, private ambitions, the necessity for expansion, land-hunger, gold-hunger—all these have no vitality in China. You think that because the Chinaman is inert, careless and simple, he is a child. There never was a greater mistake. His life is happy, and nothing troubles him so long as his conscience is clear. There you have our character in a sentence. Let us alone and we will let you alone. . . . All of which, it may be subjoined, is rather more pictorial than logical. It falls wholly to dovetail with the despotic traditions of Chinese government, with those hideous intrigues of assassination by poison and dagger which burn out luridly from its otherwise cryptic history. The vaunted power of "conquest," too, has a very dubious ring. If China can do such marvels with her Boxers, why have both they and she suffered such ignominious defeat before the arms of Japan? Much of this protest possesses a good deal more truth than the "man in the street" would readily concede. But the majority of it is sad fastum. We know little of China, it is true; but we have learned beyond dispute that the filth of her large cities is almost phenomenal. We are also aware that in spite of her "happiness" thousands of Chinamen have swarmed as immigrants into the United States, all miserably poor and all eager to profit by the humblest trades which they can light on. Here, the general feeling is one of great satisfaction that all superior Powers, including the United States, will combine for the repression of impulses which too manifestly are those of barbarism at its crudest.

THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD DISASTER

The terrible fire at the North German Lloyd's dock in Hoboken has just flung to us across the ocean a blazing reflex, as might be said, of its calamity. At this time the whole agonizing affair strikes an especial note of sorrow and misery, since each week is bearing thousands of voyagers across the Atlantic in liners more or less splendid than those just destroyed. Everybody is glad that the magnificent *Wilhelm der Grosse* escaped with only a little damage. But, after all, that word "glad" seems oddly misplaced now it is written; for there is no hint of gladness in the general cis-Atlantic mood. It is only one of profound sympathy for those poor sailors and ship-hands who have perished with such exceptional anguish. Just why the hatches of the *Saale* should have been fastened down upon the occupants underneath puzzles a multitude of readers. All agree that there was never so melancholy an ending of the farewells between friends about to sail the seas and friends about to linger behind. Precisely the same gruesome thing might happen any day at Southampton or Liverpool. This comes home to English minds and hearts, and hence the deeper sympathy, the ampler compassion.

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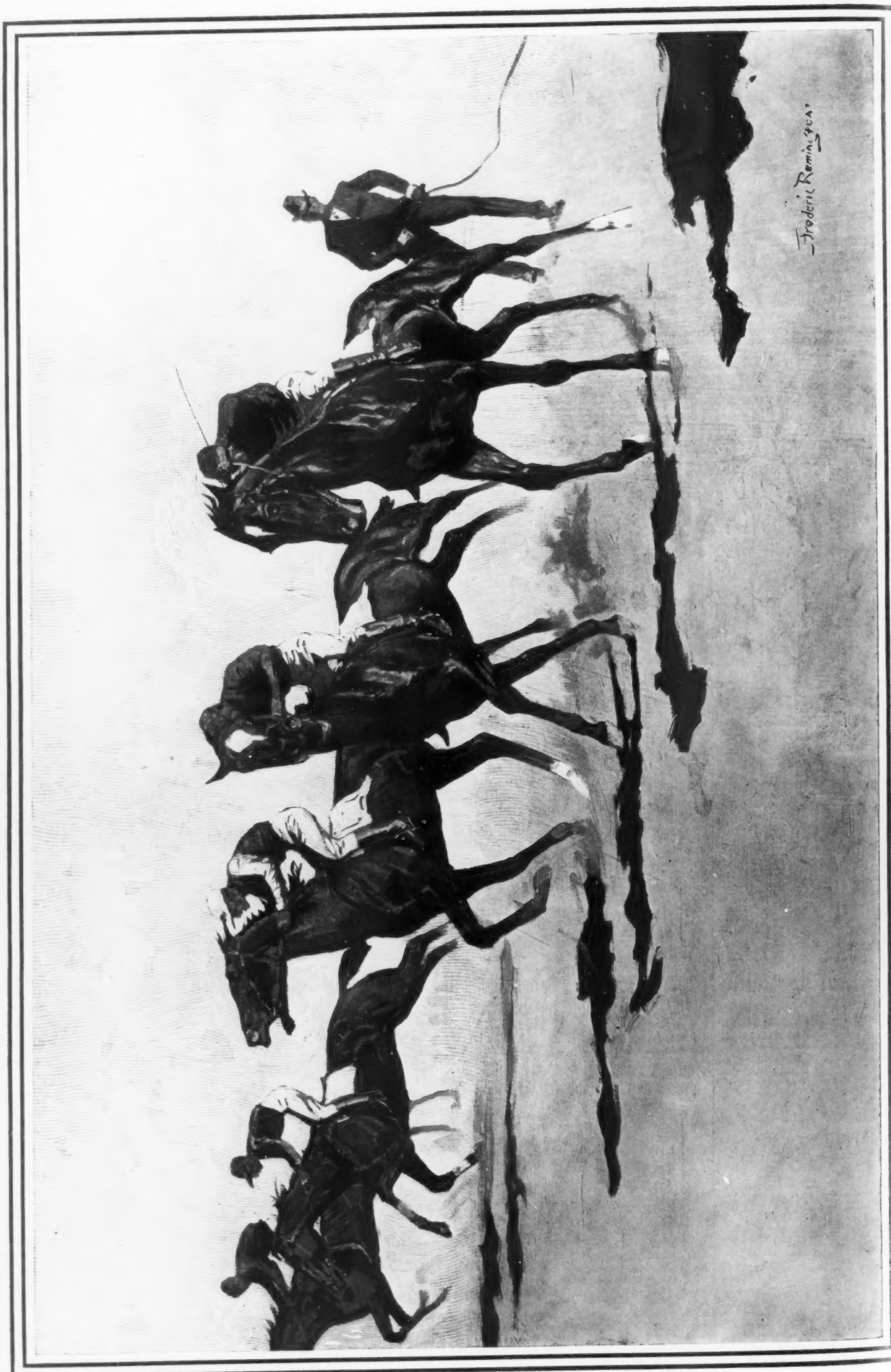
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A GOOD START AT BRIGHTON
(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE)

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

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DECORATION BY D. W. CROUCH

SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

THE NEWPORT RACES

Pitching and rolling lazily in the easterly swells near the old yellow lighthouse on Brenton's Reef, palatial steam yachts, stately schooners and a fleet of typical Newport catboats assembled July 13. Each had on board its quota of yachting enthusiasts, including many fair patrons of the sport in their smartest summer gowns, all waiting to see the start of the new class of seventy-footers—*Yankee*, *Virginia*, *Mincola* and *Randall*.

It was the first meeting of these four crack Herreshoff boats. Two of England's best yachting skippers—Wringe in August Belmont's *Mincola* and Parker in Cornelius Vanderbilt's *Randall*—were pitted against two of America's best amateurs, and the amateurs won.

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., sailed his own boat, *Virginia*, and Herman Duryea, assisted by Harry Payne Whitney, handled *Yankee*, which they jointly own.

It was a thirty-seven-mile course—the first third of it windward work—and by the exercise of good judgment the Duryea and Vanderbilt boats rounded the first mark off Point Judith well in the lead. In the broad reach of nine and three-quarter miles which followed *Yankee* still maintained her lead, as she did on the other legs to the finish, *Mincola* gaining on her somewhat on the second turn to windward. *Yankee* won by 2 minutes 28 seconds from *Virginia*.

The Larchmont Yacht Club was, as usual, the Mecca of yachtsmen on July 4, when sixty-six racing craft started in the annual regatta, while at least a thousand spectators looked on from the attendant steam yachts.

August Belmont's *Mincola* was the only one of the new Herreshoff seventy-footers to start, but the disappointment was compensated for somewhat by the appearance of the new Swedish cutter *Astrild*, designed by Watson, and recently im-

soon forgets and journeys to Brighton again as confidently as ever. The chances of such a race as that run by Malster, even though he did beat out Bellario, always gives the crowd a chance to enjoy thrills, and that is well worth the journey. Bellario started the favorite, closing at 7 to 5, and up to the last minute they were laying odds of 8 to 1 against Malster, which, on some heavy plunging, came down to 4 to 1. Janice showed a long shot of 20 to 1. At the half-mile Malster had run Bellario to a standstill, and then went after Janice, beating her out two lengths. Those who backed Malster were naturally pleased, those who had taken a little of the 20 to 1 against Janice felt they had a run for their money, and the only unhappy ones were the backers of Bellario, The Rhymer and Telamon. Then, in the exciting Punchestown Steeplechase, Charagrace with Barry up gave his backers heart disease up to the moment when he struck the quarter-mile flat of the finish. All through the jumps he trailed along apparently a beaten horse. Then reaching the flat, he stretched out and came like a bird to the front, literally catching in the very throats the curses of those whose money was on him, most of whom had given up all hope. Mesmerist's followers had no such satisfaction, for that beast shut up like a jackknife as soon as challenged.

That this has been the most notable year in rowing for a long time no one who is familiar with the much-discussed questions of strokes can doubt. There was at Poughkeepsie on June 30th the greatest aggregation of professional coaches ever represented at one regatta behind college crews.

In spite of what this column has been endeavoring to impress upon rowing men for the last two years, regarding Ward's stroke, Pennsylvania was not looked upon with as great favor as Cornell, and in

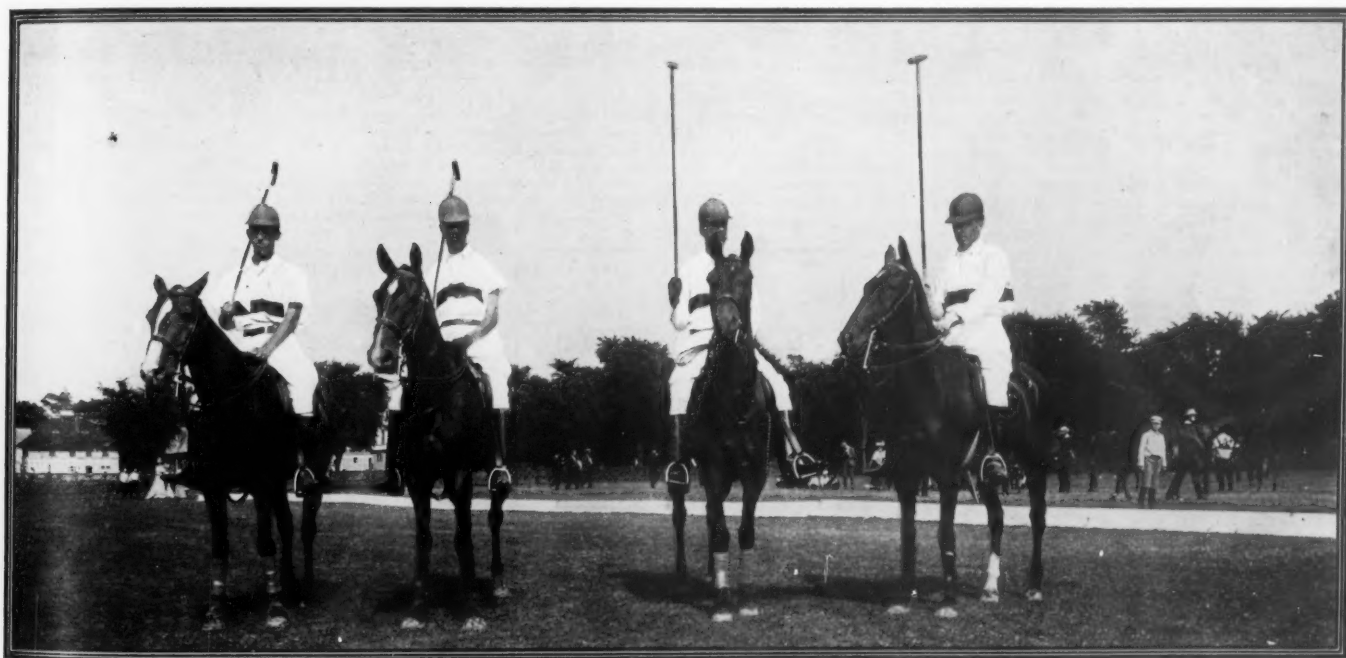
of the recover the slides slow down, and the men rather teeter in that the blade of the oar reaches the water and holds at the beginning of the following stroke before the slides reach the cheeks, and it is this peculiar and admirable but well-performed feature of Ward's method which keeps the Pennsylvania boat travelling so well between strokes. The finish is strong, the latter part of the recovery slow, and before the headway of the boat can be checked by the stopping of the weight coming aft the boat is held at the start of the next stroke.

Hanlan was very successful in helping out Columbia at the finish. He believes in a quick, firm catch, pulled very hard to the finish, but not jerked out. Columbia rowing under his directions as far as possible made the body swing and the leg drive simultaneous and not separate like Cornell.

Wisconsin, under the tutelage of O'Dea, swings up the shoulders first before the leg drive begins. They are taught to keep a very straight back, and the arms straight and rigid, and they get a long reach. There is no marked kick on the stretcher, but the leg drive is applied very steadily, and immediately after the body reaches an upright position, the slides being well under control. As soon as the hands reach the knees the arms begin to bend, and the oar is driven home with a steady pull, completing the stroke with considerable power. The hands are dropped smartly, bringing the oar out cleanly, and the recover begins with a rather slow—or, one would say, perhaps more properly, an even sending out of the arms. The body follows with the slide slowing down just before the catch for the next stroke.

Georgetown, under Zappone, got a long reach, a sharp, quick catch, and a full leg drive. The recovery was moderate, and the stroke rowed was rather irregular and a little high for the best performance of the men, but for a comparatively green crew the work was very satisfactory.

EFFECT OF
NEW LONDON
AND POUGH-
KEEPSIE
RACES UPON
COLLEGE
ROWING



PHOTOGRAPH BY T. C. TURNER

ALLAN FORBES

E. M. WELD

W. H. GOODWIN

J. CRANE

THE DEDHAM CLUB, WINNERS OF THE POLO CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1900

ported by the Brothers Hanan. Clever steering on the part of *Mincola*'s skipper averted a serious collision at the start of this race, between that boat and *Astrild*. The boats came together, but without serious damage, and it was done to avoid the cutting down of the small sloop *Sahib*, which was to start on the same signal.

For the women the day was an ideal one. Afloat there was plenty of sunshine, clear weather and gay flags, and on shore, at the club, an excellent dinner and fireworks galore in the evening.

JAMES C. SUMMERS.

THE victory of Dedham in the Polo Championship is still the talk in polo circles. There is satisfaction expressed everywhere that such thoroughgoing sportsmen should have won by sheer determination and the hardest kind of practice an honor so unexpected even by themselves. To team work more than to individual brilliancy was their victory due, and their uphill fight in the last period and the final heart-breaking struggle in the six minutes' overtime play for the deciding goal will be long remembered.

It is to be hoped that should the rumors of the forthcoming visit of an English team be confirmed, at least one member of the Dedham team, preferably the speedy and accurate No. 1, Allan Forbes, will help Messrs. Keene, Cowdin and Waterbury to regain the lost polo trophy.

Not torrid heat, broiling sun, nor prospect of tornadoes can keep the good New Yorker from the race track when the programme promises real sport. But there is one thing which sometimes shakes his confidence, and leads to his desertion, and that is scratching. However, even that he

fact Cornell crews, both 'varsity and freshmen, were selected and were the marked favorites among those who have expert views on college rowing.

Cornell's stroke was of just that type mentioned in these columns for the last month. That stroke possessed a good catch, perfect time and marked rhythm. But it did not compare with Pennsylvania in keeping the boat travelling between strokes.

The strokes of each crew differed sufficiently from each other to make the race itself of especial interest. The Cornell crew rowed a straight back, and their arms were rather more certain to be straight this year than in some former years. They catch with the oar bevelled at an angle of about 45 degrees, turning after it is in the water. The slide is not started until the body has swung up and the oarsman is practically in an erect position with the oar just about to reach a right angle with the shell. Immediately that the body has had its full swing the hands are brought quickly in to the body, the elbows low, and kept quite close to the sides, and the stroke is thus finished out. The recovery is slow, rather slower than in former years if anything, although the hands get away with moderate speed.

Pennsylvania, under Ward, depends much more upon the leg drive than any of the other crews. They have a good long reach, but do not make any marked catch, rowing the oar into the water, thus giving the effect of what is generally termed "clipping." But their stroke is long, owing to the long slide. They get a good reach and get the oar in with the blade pretty nearly at a right angle. As soon as it is buried the force is put on, a long slide is effected, and there is no finishing light, but rather on the contrary. As soon as the stroke is completed the hands are shot away very quickly and the slide started aft with a good deal of speed. Midway

The result of the Poughkeepsie race to those who believed in body swing and sharp catch rather than leg drive and smoothness of entering the water, if such a distinction may be made, must have been startling; for Pennsylvania for the third time won the race. Cornell was bailed a mile from home, and Wisconsin was practically the only crew that could keep within hail of Ward's men.

THE RIVALRY BETWEEN HARVARD AND YALE UNIVERSITIES To no man was ever a victory more deserved and acceptable than to Dr. Gallaudet, the Yale head coach, upon whom, with Captain Allen, had devolved the duty and responsibility of making a final and vital decision in mid-season as to an important feature of the stroke. Owing to this decision it became necessary that these two men should bear the sole responsibility of the work at New London. Mr. Storrow and Harvard as victors last year had merely to make a good stroke a little better; Yale and Dr. Gallaudet as the defeated ones were forced to determine the difficulty and retrieve the defeat.

The New London boat race was one of especial interest as marking an important step in boating history of both Harvard and Yale. Both crews this year have been profiting by expert advice, although the coaching has been fully under the direction of Mr. E. C. Storrow as head coach at Harvard and Dr. Edson Gallaudet in a similar position at Yale.

During the years of their defeats there sprung up at Harvard considerable discussion regarding strokes. Professional advice was given and accepted, and any one who was familiar with the boating of those days became impressed with the various schools. There were the Faulkner supporters, the Bancroft supporters, later the Storrow supporters, and those who believed in professional coaches, and, finally, still other

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARRIS



THE "QUISSETTA" ROUNDING THE MARK BOAT



MR. BELMONT'S NEW 70-FOOT SLOOP "MINEOLA"



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S "RAINBOW" MANEUVRING FOR THE START

THREE CRACK RACING YACHTS AT A LARCHMONT REGATTA

less defined but fully as decided convictions as to how Harvard oarsmen should row in order to win. Yale, too, were not without some differences, and Mike Davis, a professional, had a turn at New Haven.

In fact, experiments were tried at both places; less, however, at New Haven perhaps than at Cambridge. A few years ago Yale's crew, with "Bob" Cook as coach, went to Henley and were defeated. Since then, while defeating Harvard twice in triangular races, the Yale university crew, until this year, had not actually won a boat race. Many reasons were given for this state of affairs. Just after the Henley race, Mr. Lehmann, a Cambridge graduate, and one of the best English coaches, came over and for two years coached the Harvard crews, in both these years being defeated by Cook coaching the Yale crews and by Courtney coaching the Cornell crews. For all that, his presence brought about a great boom in rowing interest at Cambridge, did a world of good for true sportsmanship in American rowing colleges, and many attribute, most properly, a large proportion of the success of the Harvard crew last year to this increased material, although it is quite certain that the stroke as taught by Mr. Storow, the present coach of the Harvard crews, is not identical with that taught by the Englishman. Last year Harvard defeated Yale, and the natural result was to provoke another era of confidence and belief at Cambridge and a corresponding increase of uneasiness at Yale. Dr. Gallaudet, who coached the defeated Yale crew of last year, coached the Yale crew again this year, and Allen, who was captain of the defeated crew last year, was again captain of the Yale crew this season. In the course of the coaching the belief of the old Yale coaches in a certain, to them, radical feature of the stroke brought them and the present coaches to the branching of the ways. Here, after a friendly thrashing out of facts, it was determined that a separation on this point was inevitable, and the crew must either remodel that part of their stroke or proceed uninterruptedly under this coaching of Dr. Gallaudet and the captain. In the belief that the crew should be continued along lines already adopted, a separation was agreed upon, and the crew that won the race at New London was, as already stated in these columns, the product of the coaching of Dr. Gallaudet, assisted by expert advice as indicated

above, while the Harvard crew, which held them almost stroke for stroke for three miles, rowed the stroke as believed in and coached by Storow, advised and aided in a somewhat similar fashion. It will thus be seen that the victory by either was expected to have an especial significance as regards the future progress of the sport and along what lines the stroke would be developed.

There remains little doubt among those who are capable of looking a bit ahead, that while the position of head coach at

Harvard and Yale will still have a graduate incumbent, that more and more of the actual teaching of the stroke and general watermanship to the candidates will be delegated to professionals. Kennedy, the boat builder and captain of the Yale launch at New Haven, is quite as competent as the Newell and Weld Club teachers at Cambridge, Vail and Donovan. When, therefore, one looks out into the future of college rowing, he sees looming up upon the horizon decided advances in the art of watermanship under a line of men like Courtney at Cornell, Ward at Pennsylvania, O'Dea at Wisconsin, Hanlan at Columbia, Donovan and Weld at Harvard, and Kennedy at Yale. The satisfactory feature of it is that all these men are the best of their class.

Whitman defeated the always erratic Larned for the Canadian championship at Niagara on the Lake. It was a five-set match, and the last set a dence set, but Whitman finally won out by greater steadiness. The score was 7-5, 3-6, 6-3, 1-6, 7-5. In the doubles, however, he and his partner, Beals Wright, were beaten by Hackett and Fischer as follows: 8-6, 4-6, 6-3, 6-4. Dwight Davis won through at Orange only to be defeated by the holder, Malcolm Whitman, 3 sets to 1. This gives Whitman final possession of the challenge trophy of the Middle States championship, besides giving him his revenge upon Davis for his defeat at Longwood for the Massachusetts State championship. The scores were 3-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3.

PARIS INTERNATIONAL GAMES

To any one who appreciates the talent that has been brought together at Paris for these athletic games the attendance seems woefully insignificant. Half the leaders would draw twice the crowd in England or America, but in the Bois de Boulogne there is but a lukewarm interest, and our own countrymen make up the bulk of the spectators. All the good things came off for the Americans, as had been anticipated, save that Duffy, the Georgetown runner, victor at Stamford Bridge in the English championships, caught his foot and fell, thus giving the Australian, Rowley, the chance to get third place. Full descriptions of all these contests will appear in a later issue of this column.

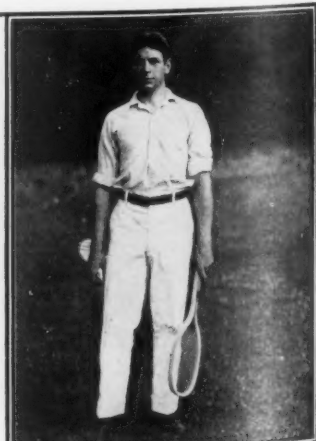
MALCOLM D. WHITMAN, NATIONAL CHAMPION OF 1899



HOLCOMBE WARD



DAVIS AND WARD VS. HACKETT AND ALLEN. DAVIS AT THE NET



DWIGHT F. DAVIS

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The Which Is Which Test, or, Who Knows Babies Best?

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN CASH PRIZES.

This is a test of your ability to tell babies apart. The group pictured below is made up of boys and girls, whose names are listed on the opposite page. All the babies are plainly numbered. Below the picture is a coupon containing three sets of blank spaces numbered as the babies are numbered. Decide for yourself whether the baby No. 1 is a boy or a girl, and then put a B or a G, meaning boy or girl, in the upper blank space under No. 1. Do the same as to baby No. 2, and so on with the entire eleven. Whoever judges most accurately one of these babies will receive the first prize, \$50.00. The second best decision will receive a prize of \$10.00. The three next best in order will receive \$5.00 each, and there will be twenty-five one dollar prizes for the next twenty-five, in the order of excellence. Of course, ties divide. In this contest, however, we do not expect any, if any, ties.

Every editor may give one opinion or three opinions, just as he chooses. We believe this will be one of the most interesting contests THE PENNY MAGAZINE has ever opened. Each opinion will be judged by itself in its own merit, and the number of accurate opinions he sends in. We have arranged for the three opinions to be given by members of families who will each have an opinion of their own. To be eligible for a prize, the editor must send ONE DIME only with his opinion, and for this he will receive a complimentary subscription to THE PENNY MAGAZINE for five months; when three opinions are sent, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS will must THE PENNY MAGAZINE for a year; and a full year's subscription to THE PENNY MAGAZINE will be given by us. THE PENNY MAGAZINE gives away \$10,000 a year in prizes, and all subscribers, including those who answer this contest, are eligible for a prize without any further payment of money. Among recent cash prize-winners are Mrs. E. M. Myrtle Ave., Baltimore, Md.; J. M. Chamberlin, Sr., Lebanon, Ill.; C. May Kennedy, 286 Sunset Street, W. Somerville, Mass., and 553 others.



THE PENNY MAGAZINE'S BABIES' SKILL COUPON.

Babies' Number	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Opinion No. 1.											
Opinion No. 2.											
Opinion No. 3.											

Name and Address.....

REMEMBER—First, All coupons must reach us not later than the night of September 10th. Prizes will be awarded and sent Sept. 20th, no. 2, and so on with the entire eleven. Whoever judges most accurately one of these babies will receive the first prize, \$50.00. The second best decision will receive a prize of \$10.00. The three next best in order will receive \$5.00 each, and there will be twenty-five one dollar prizes for the next twenty-five, in the order of excellence. Of course, ties divide. In this contest, however, we do not expect any, if any, ties.

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Contains highly instructive and valuable information to every woman. Profusely illustrated.
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Too Fat
We will tell you how to reduce your weight, safely, quickly and permanently. Any one can make remedy at home. Sample box, etc., sent securely sealed in plain wrapper for 4 cents to cover postage, packing, etc. No starving. No sickness.
BELL CHEMICAL CO., Dept. H.B., St. Louis, Mo.

OPIUM
and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1-3 Lebanon, Ohio.

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to sell **Sash Locks** and **Door Holders**. A good hustler can make \$10 a day. Sample Sash Lock by mail for ten cents. Address THE BROHARD CO., Dept. 24, Philadelphia, Pa.

MICHAEL
VS.
M'FARLAND

At this writing, two races have been ridden between these two extremes of racing cyclists and no decisive result has been reached. The nidget on a machine with a twenty-two inch front wheel, the lanky Californian stretching out his long limbs from a saddle set nearly a foot above his frame and wheels two inches higher, make a most extraordinary contrast. Michael now follows his pace so closely that when he wants his men to let out a link he actually puts his hand on the rear man and punches for more speed. One apiece it now stands.

AMERICA'S
VICTORIES AT
THE ENGLISH
CHAMPION-
SHIPS

Eight out of a total of thirteen events with entries in only twelve is a record to be proud of indeed, and that is what our American athletes accomplished at the English meeting. In the 100 yards, Rowley, the Australian champion, was the only man outside the Americans to reach the finals. The race was between Duffy of Georgetown and Tewksbury of Pennsylvania, and the former won out at the tape in a flat 10 seconds. Rowley could get no better than fourth. Sheldon of the N. Y. A. C. defeated Horgan, the Irish champion, at the shot put with 44 feet 6 inches. McCracken of Pennsylvania was third and Garrett, the former Princetonian and present Johns Hopkins man, fourth. Kraenzlein the inimitable defeated Moloney of Chicago in his heat, and simply romped away from Pritchard in the final in 15 2/5. Baxter of Pennsylvania took the high jump with 6 feet 2 inches. In the quarter-mile Welsh, the Englishman, put out Dixon Boardman in his heat, and Davidson beat Slack of Chicago; but "Maxey" Long of Columbia and the N. Y. A. C. was able to account for the event, Holland of Georgetown getting second and the English entries bringing up the rear. Flannagan held the hammer safe with a throw of 163 feet, which Kiely, the Irish champion, could not reach, although he beat out Hare and McCracken of Pennsylvania. The pole vault was all America, and Bascom Johnson of Yale and the N. Y. A. C. won with 11 feet 4 inches, Collett of Pennsylvania second, with 11 feet 1 inch. But when it came to the events over a quarter mile the Englishmen once more demonstrated their superiority. Cregan of Princeton was by no means fit in the half, and although he struggled gamely, Tysoe of Salford Harriers beat him out in 1 minute 57 4/5 seconds. In the mile Bennett of the Finchley Harriers was first, with 4 minutes 28 1/5 seconds, Alex Grant of Pennsylvania no better than third, and the four-mile run was won by Rimmer of Southampton, the four-mile walk going without an American entry to Burgess of London. S. Robinson of Northampton took the steeplechase in 11 minutes 8 4/5 seconds.

PARIS
EXPOSITION
ATHLETICS

When the committee of the Exposition games at Paris decided to respect the Sunday prejudices of the American athletes and when our commissioner placed matters in charge of Mr. A. G. Spalding, as the American Director of Sports, many difficulties which appeared to stand in the way of representation were speedily smoothed out. There is one thing, however, that is always true of games on such a scale and in connection with such an affair as this, and that is that there is sure to be a disagreeable mixing of classes and the bestowal of prizes which are emphatically something more than the laurel wreath of victory.

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Difficult to Believe Advice Applies to Us.

"While reading the morning paper at breakfast, I frequently read over the advertisements of Postum Food Coffee and finally began to wonder if it was a fact that my daily headache and dyspepsia were due to coffee drinking."

"It never occurred to me that the warning fitted my case."

"I had been on the diet cure for more than ten years, having tried a strictly meat diet, also a strictly vegetable diet, and at other times left off breakfast for a time and again left off dinner, but all these efforts were futile in ridding me of the steady half-sick condition under which I labored."

"I had never once thought of overhauling 'dear old coffee,' but when it finally occurred to me to make the trial and take up Postum, I immediately discovered where the difficulty all these years came from. I now eat anything for breakfast, as much as I desire, doing justice to a good meal, and the same at lunch and dinner, with never a headache or other disagreeable symptom. My only 'crankiness' now is to know that I have Postum served as it should be made, that is, properly boiled. There is a vast difference between poorly made Postum and good."

"C. E. Hasty of Alameda, Calif., insists that he owes his life to me because I introduced him to Postum. I have a number of friends who have been finally cured of stomach and bowel trouble by the use of Postum Food Coffee in place of regular coffee."

"Please do not use my name."

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of the body has a corresponding motion on the

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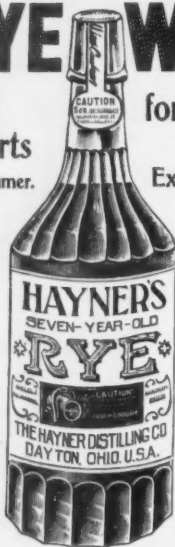
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